

How To Be The Other Woman In Your Husband's Life — Ida Lupino

SCREENLAND

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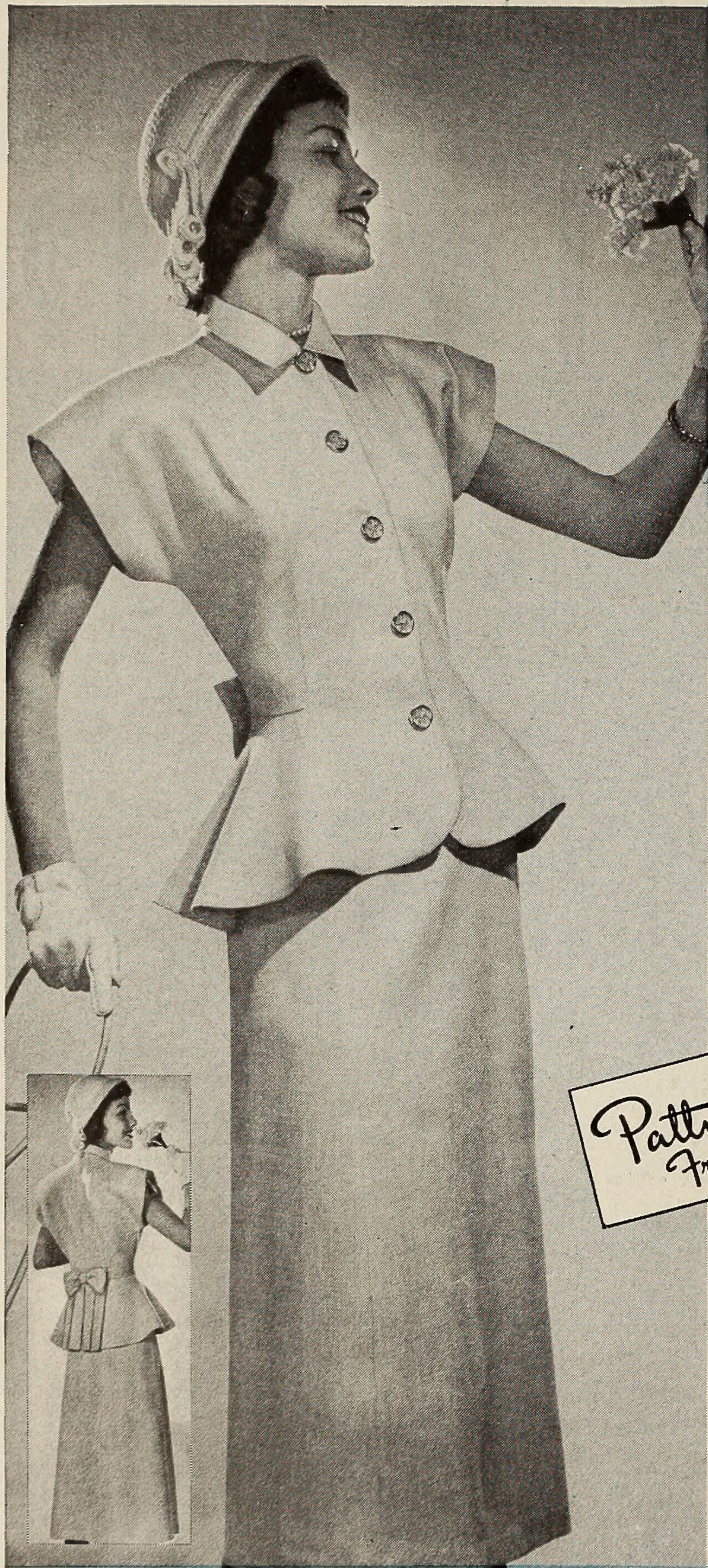
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• Story by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN

• A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"

APRIL, 1949

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SCREENLAND

Advertisement

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

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what kind
of woman
are you?



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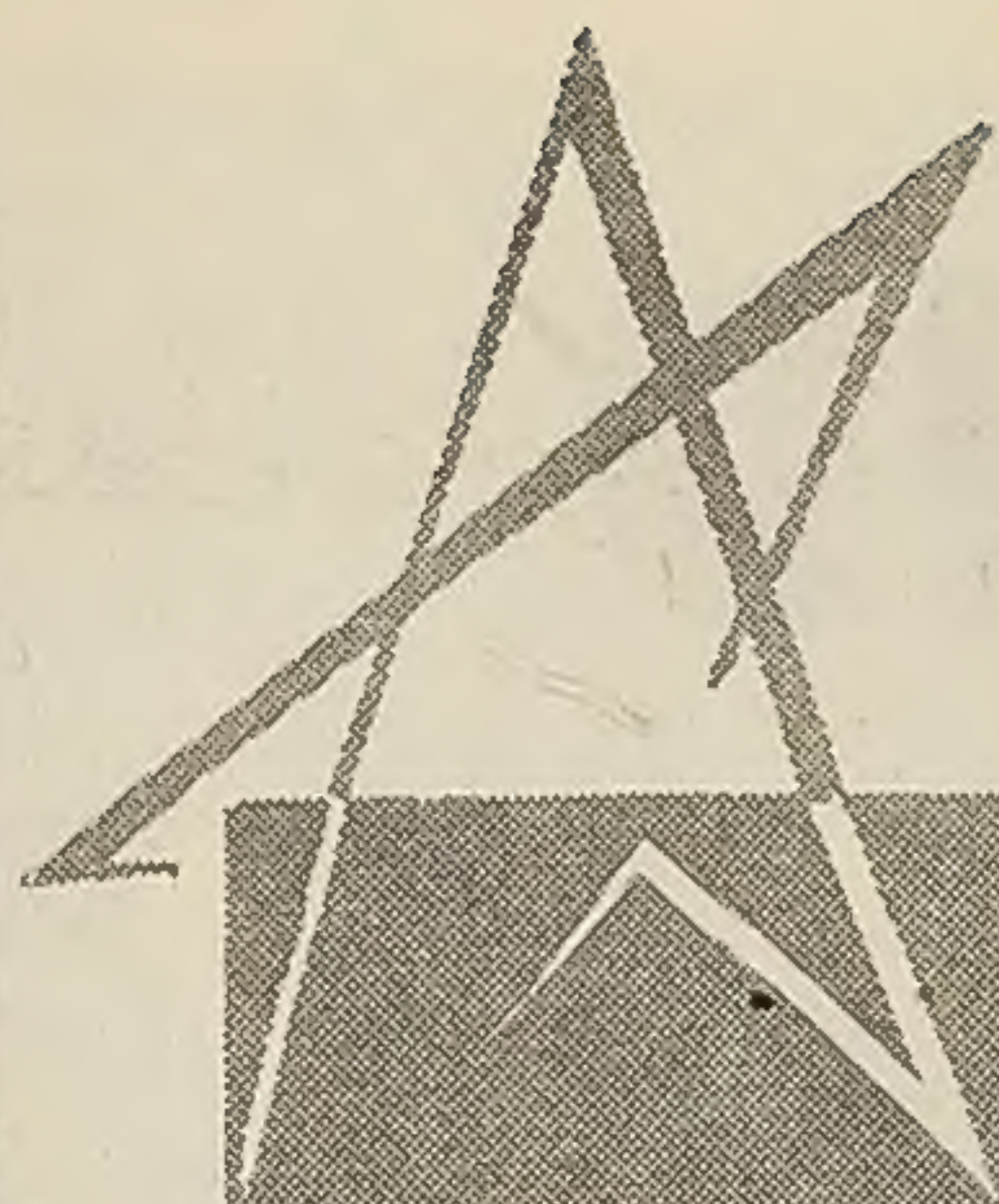
THE FASHIONABLE woman need not limit her wardrobe during "her days," for Tampax cannot cause a ridge under the sheerest dress.

THE DAINTY GIRL discovers that Tampax causes no odor. . . . Her hands need not touch it while inserting . . . And no removal for tub or shower!

THE SENSIBLE ONE adds up all the benefits of Tampax — and before the "month" is out she buys it at drug or notion counter. . . . 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. . . . Made by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

IN covering the Hollywood social beat perhaps the question I'm asked most often is, "Do all of filmland functions go off as smoothly as planned? Does everything go according to schedule, without a hitch?"

My answer is that I doubt if there's a star hostess who hasn't at some time been embarrassed to find that her social slip was showing. Of course, I think this is true of every American community in which entertaining is done on a sizeable scale. It's only that, in Hollywood, such off-the-record moments are more conspicuous.

There are the classic examples of the newly-arrived star who gave a reception for a British ambassador and then introduced the wrong man; the legendary dinner at which the guest of honor, a noted scientist, mistook the gardenia in his finger-bowl for a salad and ate it, causing his red-faced hostess and the rest of the company to follow suit. And then, my favorite case of the tempestuous movie star who secretly switched dinner table place cards so that she could sit next to a new romance—and automatically switched herself out of an important role. The producer of her next picture, who was to have been her dinner companion, saw her do it!

Naturally, the chance of error is much greater at large parties where the hazards of a hostess range from unreliable extra help to reliable gatecrashers, who are still the bane of every SCREENLAND party.

* * *

Recently there have been a number of unanticipated incidents which have upset Hollywood's party-goers and I think perhaps the most amusing is the plight of lovely titian-haired star Arlene Dahl.

Arlene had just moved into a new apartment and for a house-warming she



Harry James, Betty Grable, Al Jolson
at opening of Santa Anita race track.

gave a smorgasbord buffet, inviting Cathy Downs, Farley Granger, Gail Patrick, Guy Madison, Richard Ney and a host of the younger members of the movie colony.

About the only older people to attend were Arlene's friends, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, who left early. As soon as Arlene learned that Lady Mendl had left,



The Fred Astaires were among the stars who tried to pick a winner at the opening day of the Santa Anita course. Fred's in "The Barkleys Of Broadway" with Ginger Rogers.



Bob Montgomery, between bites, explains the construction of a "Dagwood" sandwich to amuse Ingrid Bergman, with whom he co-starred in the "Seventh Veil," over Radio Theatre.

Beloved 'Belinda' TALKS!

“I didn't have a word to say in 'Johnny Belinda'. But now I can't say enough about the wonderful time I have with David Niven in 'Kiss in the Dark'. There's something in 'Kiss in the Dark'—something as warm and special in its own way as 'Johnny Belinda' was. You're going to have a new story to talk about again.”

Jane won
78
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for 'Johnny Belinda'
—and she does
it again!

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Ann Blyth wishes Wanda Hendrix happiness after Wanda's marriage to Audie Murphy.

she rushed out of the house to say good-bye at the car.

Upon returning to her front door, Arlene discovered that she locked herself out!

She rang the bell, pounded on the door and rapped on window panes, but all to no avail. The guests were having such a wonderful time around the bowl of "glogg" (that potent Norwegian brew of aquavit and cinnamon sticks) that no one could hear their distressed and shivering hostess.

In desperation, Arlene went to a neighbor's home and called on the phone. No answer. Furious at being locked out of her own party, she went back to the house and made a final try. This time, after a long pause, suave and sharp-eared Reggie Gardiner heard the commotion and opened the door. Looking at his disheveled hostess, who was on the verge of tears, Reggie—in his typical dead pan English butler manner—said, "You're quite late, Miss, but what name shall I announce?"

* * *

ANOTHER accident—of a slightly different sort—took place at Diana Lynn's wedding. It was a lovely ceremony and the reception which followed at agent Wynn Rocamora's Bel-Aire home

Lucille Ball greets newly married Margaret Whiting and Hubbell Robinson at party.



Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy cut the wedding cake together at their reception.

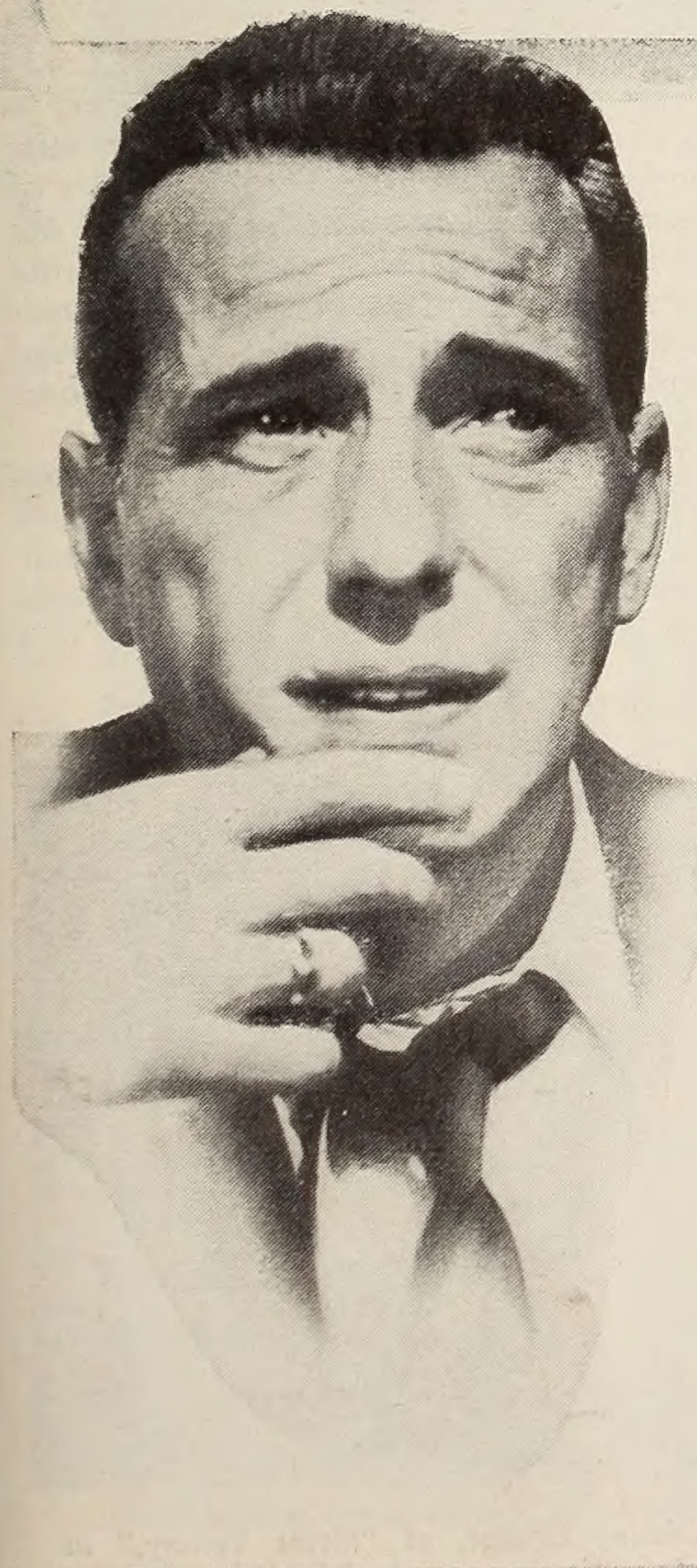
**Cobina Wright's
PARTY GOSSIP**

Above: Lucille Ball brands Desi Arnaz her favorite husband at her Ciro's party.

A powerful and moving story of the secret hearts of
men and women on the thin edge of desperation.



"Pretty Boy" Romano nears the end of his trail.



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Screen play by Daniel Taradash and John Monks, Jr.

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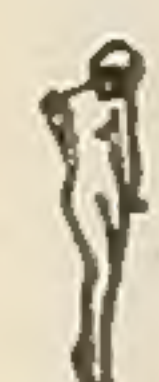
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"Dec-la-tay"
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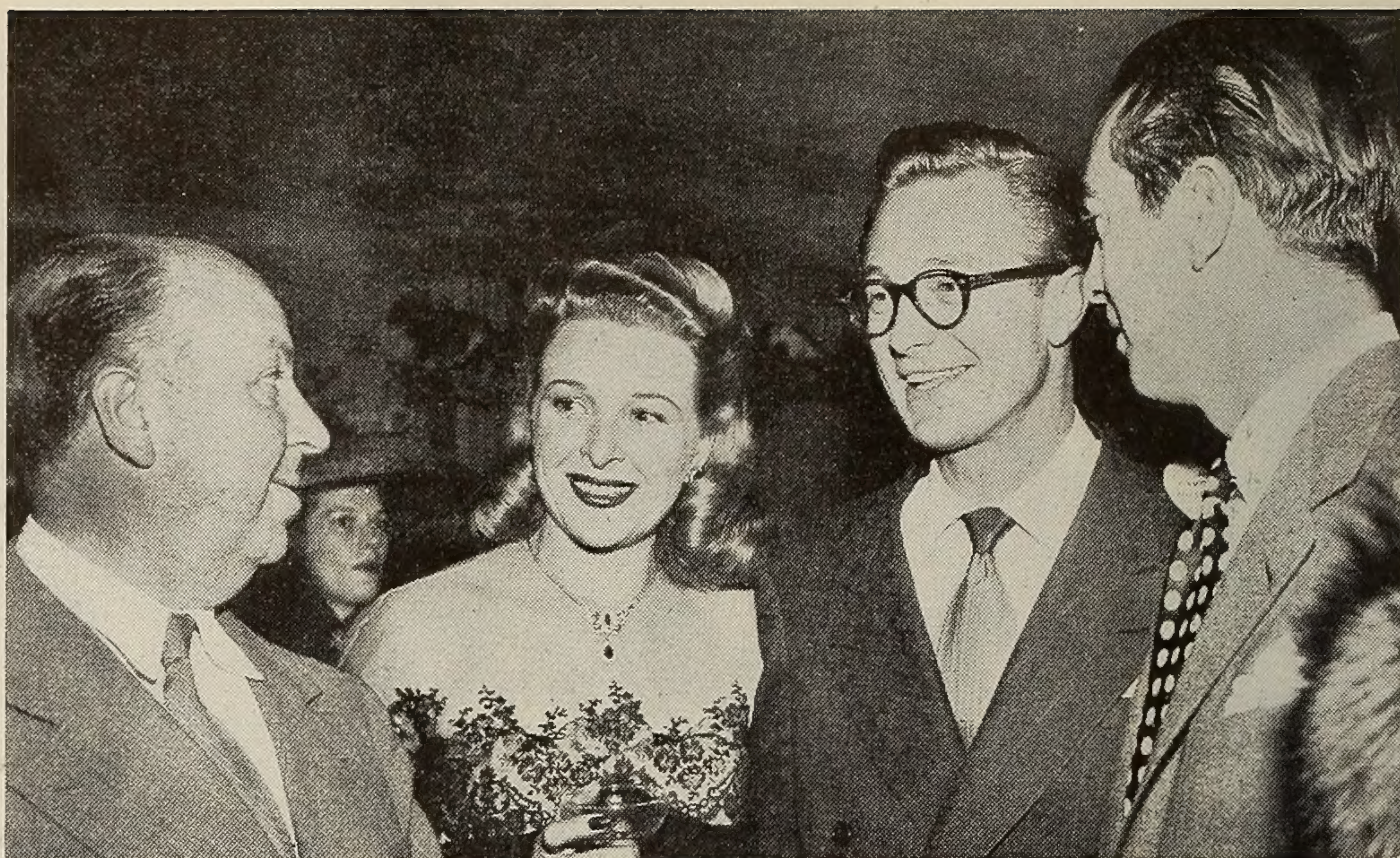
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*T. M. Reg.
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(internal sanitary
 protection)



Director Alfred Hitchcock, Evelyn Ankers, Richard Denning and Macdonald Carey swapping laughs at the "favorite husband" party which Lucille Ball tossed at Ciro's.

was one of the most beautiful I have seen. Over 300 guests arrived and for her bridal party, Diana had her close friends, Mona Freeman and Betty Hutton, while Jane Withers was the Matron of Honor.

Now Diana had it all planned to have Harold Lloyd's attractive daughter, Gloria, catch her bridal bouquet, but Diana's intention was better than her aim, so that the white bouquet fell into other hands, much to Diana's—and

Gloria's—disappointment.

But what everyone at the party was wondering was, if Gloria had caught the bouquet and fulfilled the traditional prophecy of becoming the next engaged, would it have been to Bob Neal, who was formerly engaged to Diana? Bob was tops in Diana's affections until handsome architect John Lindsay came along, but is now very serious about Gloria Lloyd. Meanwhile, starlet Jane Nigh, who was that way about Lindsay until he caught sight of Diana, is all tied up with Claude Cartier, the Parisian jeweler's son. How romantically complicated can these youngsters get?

* * *

However, not all the slips occur to the hostess. Frequently the fans miss the boat, too, as at a recent premiere of "Joan Of Arc," an event for which all the stars turned out en masse, because the proceeds all went to the Marion Davies Foundation Clinic. It was a glittering display with top stardom donning its best bibs and diamonds.

Loretta Young showed up in an Adrian creation that took everyone's breath away. Joan Bennett and Irene Dunne wore Sophie originals—Joan's, a brown taffeta with pink roses and Irene's, a (Please turn to page 54)



Maureen O'Sullivan and Ray Milland relax during rehearsal for CBS drama series.



With John Payne's help, Maureen O'Hara prepares script for Radio Theatre show.



Cristine Cooper, of "Bitter Victory," in recent air appearance with Mickey Rooney.

"ALIAS *Nick Beal*"

No man
ever held more
Terrible Power
over Women!

HE TEMPTED HER
Into The Strangest Bar-
gain Ever Made Between
A Man And A Woman!

A Paramount Picture
starring

RAY MILLAND
AUDREY TOTTER
THOMAS MITCHELL

with
GEORGE MACREADY • FRED CLARK

Produced by ENDRE BOHEM • Directed by JOHN FARROW

Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer • Original story by Mindret Lord

PLEASE
don't tell your
friends who—"Nick
Beal" really is!

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

By
Helen Hendricks

Portrait Of Jennie

David O. Selznick

HERE'S a tender, moving romance about the timeless love of Joseph Cotten, an impoverished but talented painter, and Jennifer Jones, the young girl who appears from the past to inspire him to paint his portrait of *Jennie*. In a time when so much is based on materialism, a film such as this is as refreshing and necessary, in this dried and mixed-up world, as a glass of cool water. The numerous location shots filmed in New York City lend the right touch of charm and authenticity to an otherwise ethereal plot. Along with Miss Jones, and Mr. Cotten, you'll find Ethel Barrymore and David Wayne, a new star on the

Hollywood scene. Completely different and really out of this world, the picture is filmed for the most part in black and white, then goes into green-tint, then the final sequence, a hurricane, is done in Technicolor. This last sequence, by the way, has several effects that are breathtaking. If you have any touch of romance in you at all, and who hasn't, don't miss "Portrait Of Jennie."

Command Decision

MGM

WITH Clark Gable as the Air Force commander who is faced with the grim task of sending out a bomber squadron on a suicide mission, this film is an excellent story of a man who has to order

Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten, co-starred in "Portrait Of Jennie."



Rhonda Fleming and Bing Crosby in the merry comedy, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

others to their deaths so that more lives may be saved later in the war. Gable does a realistic job with combating his conscience, governmental red tape, and a group of sightseeing senators. Though the major part of the picture in straight heavy dramatics, there are, nevertheless, some lighter moments with Sgt. Van Johnson, as the general's enterprising young aide-de-camp, and Clinton Sundberg, the fusty, old-maidish major on Gen. Walter Pidgeon's staff. A number of the scenes are highly tense, and a few tear-jerkers—especially when the report from Major John Hodiak reaches Gable. With an all male cast of this calibre, women, needless to say, will thoroughly enjoy it.

A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court (Technicolor)

Paramount

PRITHEE, fair reader, canst think of better sport than to watcheth Bing Crosby cavorting about in King Arthur's Court, hey? Well, he does and it all starts when he gets conked on the bean while riding a horse. When he wakes up, he has been transported back into the 6th Century and immediately is captured by Sir William Bendix clad in rusty armor and wearing a *Joan of Arc* hairdo. Taken to King Arthur's Court, he

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Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
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meets the King. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a sniffing hypochondriac, and a faire princesse, Rhonda Fleming. From then on, Bing transforms the Court and its royal occupants. In the process, he gets himself involved in a joust, the outcome of which will determine who gets the faire princesse. The fact that Bing foregoes his suit of armor in favor of a cowboy horse and lariat, makes this one of the funniest scenes in the film. By the time our hero is returned to the 20th Century, he saves the King, does away with the villainous conspirators, and kisses Rhonda goodbye—but not for long.

Alias Nick Beal

Paramount

A FANTASY, and a very good one, too, about an honest district attorney, Thomas Mitchell, who, through the help of the Devil, Ray Milland, gets elected governor. The payment for the assistance being: one soul—Mitchell's. Though the theme is strange, there's nothing spooky here since the Devil is treated with 20th Century realism: he wears Brooks Brothers suits, drinks Barbados rum, and at one time has Audrey Totter make an ineffectual play for him. With Audrey and the Devil both working on Mitchell, it seems inevitable that he'll be handed a receipt: PAID IN FULL—THE DEVIL. However, good triumphs over evil and the debt is cancelled in a very interesting way.

A Kiss In The Dark

Warner Brothers

LIGHT and breezy as a Spring day, the story concerns a pin-up girl, Jane Wyman, who converts a temperamental concert pianist, David Niven, into a real live man—grrrufffff! Assisting Jane in this metamorphosis, but in a slightly different way, is that cherubic

pixie, Victor Moore, custodian of The Cleopatra Arms, an apartment house Niven owns. With the house, Niven also inherits its tenants, one of whom is Broderick Crawford, as nasty a character as you ever saw. Along with Crawford, Niven has his troubles with Wayne Morris, Jane's muscular fiance, and a crooked business manager. Only after Jane works on him and brings out his normal manly instincts, does Niven take care of the terrible three, and how! Incidentally, he also takes care of Jane, too.

Cover Up

United Artists

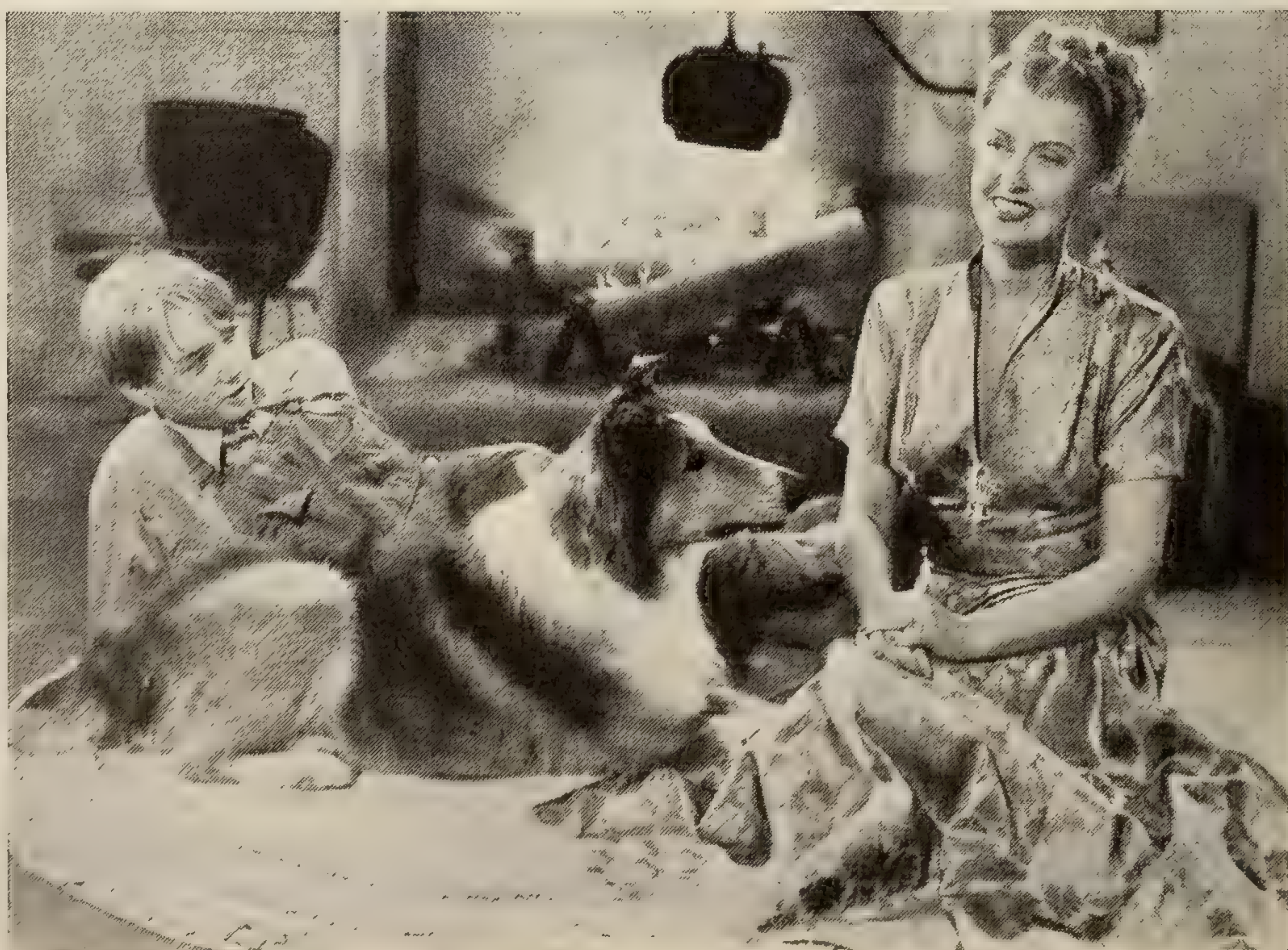
FIRST-CLASS mystery about a small-town suicide which turns into a plain case of murder. When an insurance investigator, Dennis O'Keefe, comes to town to look into the death, he realizes that his company's ex-client was murdered and also that almost every decent, upstanding character in town could have been guilty of the crime, including the easy-going, homespun sheriff, William Bendix. That O'Keefe falls in love with Barbara Britton, the daughter of the man who turns out to be the most likely suspect, complicates matters even more. Everyone, with special honors going to Art Baker, the father, turns in a fine performance.

Miranda

J. Arthur Rank—Eagle-Lion

AN English version of "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid," and just about as naughty as it is gay. A doctor, Griffith Jones, off on a fishing trip, latches onto a blonde mermaid, Glynis Johns, who is clad in nothing but a fishtail, and besides, hasn't a moral to her name. Unable to resist her—ahem—childish charms, Jones takes her back to London as a patient who is unable to walk. There,

Claude Jarman, Jr., Lassie and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Sun Comes Up."





Richard Greene and Jeanne Crain have a crucial misunderstanding in "The Fan."

dressed in long gowns to cover her tail, she meets the doctor's wife, Googie Withers, and a susceptible assortment of men. Since her stay in London is limited, Miranda works furiously to see the sights and create some more. She is also guilty of almost lousing up three perfectly good romances, but doesn't because at the 11th hour, Googie discovers the sweet child is a mermaid. Realizing her secret has been discovered, *Miranda* takes a jump into the Thames. Drown? A mermaid? Heavens to Betsy, no! On the contrary. . . .

An Act Of Violence

MGM

READING of the whereabouts of an ex-Army buddy, Van Heflin, Robert Ryan packs a suitcase and gun and heads for the West Coast to fulfill a promise he had made to himself: to kill Heflin, now married, a father, and good citizen. After many tense moments in which the hunter stalks his prey, you finally learn why Ryan is so obsessed with killing the man who was his closest buddy. However, the
(Please turn to page 74)

A tense scene in "Force Of Evil" between John Garfield, Marie Windsor.



The Most Wonderful Story A Nation Ever Took To Its Heart!



**TWO
GREAT
STARS
AT THEIR
BRILLIANT
BEST!**



SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

GARY COOPER IN "THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES"

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TERESA WRIGHT
WALTER BRENNAN
and BABE RUTH *Himself*
Music and Yola - Ray Noble and his Orchestra
Directed by SAM WOOD
Screen Play by A. S. Warren and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Original Story by Will Zeff
Produced and Directed by SAM WOOD

Eyes On New Horizons



Doris Day, blonde star of "My Dream Is Yours," darkens her naturally good browline.

Makeup is half of the means to lovely eyes, the rest is you

IT'S Spring again! There's a first shy peep of baby grass. Forsythia's yellow bells dance in a caressing breeze. The sky is a new, eternal blue, and everywhere there trembles a fresh promise of happy things to come. This promise of Spring shows in most faces. Lips half curve into an unconscious smile and eyes reflect the brightness of hope and anticipation. So often, it is this expression alone that makes eyes seem beautiful.

To keep this light alive forever might well be the purpose of every girl who has proper respect for her appearance. This is something that you alone can do by being aware of a few vital facts. Sparkling eyes flower from good health, and they belong to happy people, or people who can unselfishly surmount unhappiness in the interest of others. When we realize that our true and deep selves shine through our eyes, that they are indeed our windows, then from bottle, jar and case comes the added glamour that puts lovely eyes in reach of everyone.

Let us imagine a dainty dressing table, replete with finishing touches for eye beauty. Here is what we might find: eyebrow pencil, black or brown, with a good, clean point for sketching a clear

After using her eyebrow pencil in short, definite strokes, Doris carefully brushes them to perfect line. A brow or a tooth brush works.



"Sunglasses give glamour and protection," says Janis Paige of "The Younger Brothers."

**By
Courtenay
Marvin**



Geraldine Brooks' violet eyes are enhanced by lash curling. Gerry is appearing in "The Younger Brothers."



brow. You can sharpen this pencil in a regular sharpener just like a lead one. There will be mascara, of course, its color depending upon your type and the occasion. While black, brown and dark blue are universal favorites, there are also some exotic shades of green, blue-green and brilliant blue, as well as iridescent, reserved for under the stars or night lights. You will find mascara in two forms, cake and creme, usually in neat plastic containers or in tubes, each accompanied by its brush. When you are through with the container, learn to wash and put aside your little brush. It can be put to good beauty use, as you will see. Then you will find tiny jars or pats of eye shadow, gray, green, blue, brown or perhaps pastels of these colors. In fact, you might even see shadow in a new fluid form in fascinating colors, neatly bottled. Undoubtedly, you would find that eyelash curler that Gerry Brooks is so deftly using on her lashes. This little device lifts and curls your lashes, with or without mascara, thereby making them appear much longer and more provocative. It's absolutely safe and sure and comes in a case for bag-carrying. With this array, you would find brushes for removing powder from brows and lashes and for brushing both to silkier naturalness when eyebrow pencil and mascara have been applied. A finishing thought might be an eye wash to remove dust and to refresh eyes generally.

This is the little world of artifice you have to work with on everyday eye beauty puzzlers. Consider brows. The present vogue is for a natural line, but this does not permit rugged stragglers. Tweezers do the trimming job to neatness. Apply a little cold cream first and the job is less painful; if you have much trimming up to do, then hold a cloth wrung from warm water over the brows first. This opens the pores so removal of hairs is softened. If you are definitely brunette, then a black eyebrow pencil used lightly in upward stanting strokes, later brushed to perfect smoothness, is the way to accent brows and perhaps project them a fraction of an inch at the outer ends. If you are in-between or a blonde, then a brown pencil is for you. Unless extremely dark, always keep brows a shade or two lighter than lashes. This is a Hollywood idea and a good one.

Eye shadow is magic, for you work with color and color creates illusion. The general pattern for application begins with a touch at the center of the upper lid to be blended outward and upward toward the outer brow tip. Upon experimentation, however, you may find other uses that suit you better. The farther from the center lid the shadow is used, the more it increases the illusion of widely spaced eyes, always a mark of beauty. The higher it is applied on the skin between brow and lash, the more it seems to increase softness and size of eyes. If by rare chance your eyes are too widely spaced, then a little shadow in the inner corners will appear to bring eyes closer together. When lashes are thick and dark, you might even take your pencil and draw a light line just above the lashes of the upper lids. However, you

(Please turn to page 65)

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In selecting your diamond, choose not by size alone, but by *color, cut and clarity*. By these qualities fine diamonds are judged and valued...and by the name Keepsake, these qualities are assured. The famous Keepsake Certificate, signed by your jeweler and confirmed by the makers, warrants your diamond to be of the highest standards of *color, cut, clarity and value*.

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ROBERT ARTHUR • BETTY LYNN • GRIFF BARNETT • KATHLEEN HUGHES

Directed by **LLOYD BACON** • Produced by **WALTER MOROSCO**
Screen Play by Mary Loos and Richard Sale • Based on a Story by Raphael Blau

20th
CENTURY-FOX



Ingrid Bergman with her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, at the West Coast premiere of her film, "Joan Of Arc." Their friend, Signe Hasso, is to the right.



Walter Wanger, producer of "Joan Of Arc," with his wife, Joan Bennett, at the Beverly Theatre.



Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, arriving for the formal premiere. The theatre was filled with big name stars.

NEWSREEL



Paulette Goddard, escorted by Agent Charles Feldman, wore new French creation to "Joan Of Arc."

Getting much attention from the fans out front was Robert Mitchum, who, looking much younger, attended the opening with his wife.

Susan Hayward with her actor-husband, Jess Barker, at Beverly Theatre. "Joan Of Arc" also opened same night at Palace in L. A.





Best Man Stewart Martin, Matron Of Honor Jane Withers, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay at wedding reception.

Diana Becomes Mrs. Lindsay

The bride and groom leaving the church after their wedding. In John, Diana found all the things she wanted in a husband.



Betty Hutton congratulates Diana, looking as happy as the bride herself.

IN AN intimate and beautiful ceremony at the University Methodist Church, Diana Lynn was married to an architect, John Lindsay. After a reception at the home of her agent, Wynn Rocamora, Diana and John left for a honeymoon in Nassau. The couple met at a friend's home early last Summer and were married after a short engagement. Coincidentally, Diana's latest picture before her wedding was "Every Girl Should Be Married," an RKO film.



Reginald Gardiner gives Diana Lynn an old married man's advice, as her father, Lewis Loehr, enjoys the lecture.

John holds Diana's hand when they cut the first slice together from their elaborate four-tiered wedding cake.



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Deltah has designed this Chinese gift case from details of Shang dynasty (122-947 B.C.) original treasures, as exhibited in prominent museums.

How To Be The Other Woman...

A wife, eager to hold her husband, must play a dual role in his life

By Ida Lupino

A NY actress who puts herself in the position—as I am now doing—of giving advice, lays herself wide open to such remarks as, “Get her—she’s a big movie star—let *her* talk.” But besides being an actress, I should like to remark that I’m also a woman, faced with the problems of any woman, and with the emotions of a woman. I don’t pretend to be any oracle or any high-sounding philosopher. Nor do I expect that what I have to say on this particularly difficult subject will be world-shaking. But because I do feel deeply about the subject of marriage, I can’t help going into a phase of it that seems important to me.

To begin with, I don’t intend to go into the commonplace approach to the “other woman.” I’m only interested in pointing out a few things any wife can pick up from that proverbial but elusive female.

When a man falls in love with a woman, she is the most important thing in his life. And she had better keep on being that important after the wedding ceremony. I am of the firm belief that no matter how attractive a woman thinks she is or other women think she is, it’s the man who really knows what she has—or hasn’t. And it’s important for a girl to get that into her head fast. Every woman, whether she realizes it or not, dresses to please a man. When my husband, Collier Young, stepped into my life, I had a rude awakening. I liked the currently popular short bob, so I cut my hair. Collier, however, didn’t care for it and told me so. I am now *(Please turn to page 56)*

Below: Ida Lupino chatting with Mark Stevens at Radio Theatre rehearsal. “Wives overlook the important fact that they should remain their husbands’ sweethearts,” contends Ida.



Left: Ida Lupino with her husband, Collier Young, Columbia executive, on the set of “Greed.” She made the picture for Columbia to be near him. But “Greed” was on location most of time.



Left: Ida and Glenn Ford, her co-star in “Greed,” talking over a scene with Producer-Director S. Sylvan Simon. “Most wives make the mistake of becoming too settled... men like variety in a wife.”



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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Here are the items the stars, directors and producers themselves find are most amusing

By Lynn Bowers

THE time for handing out awards has rolled around again and is in full swing. It's a nice time of the year for Hollywood, a town that takes its full share of deserved or undeserved pasting much of the rest of the year. So it was fun to participate in awarding the Golden Apples of the Hollywood Womens' Press Club to Dorothy Lamour and Glenn Ford, a gal and guy who rate very highly with the hard-working women who bring you news of the stars.

There isn't a femme star in town more cooperative or pleasant to work with than Dottie who has never been known to turn down a request for a benefit, a public appearance, or any kind of event that would promote good-will for Hollywood.

The party which the press gals tossed at the Beverly Hills Club for Dottie and Glenn was made very gay. Dana Andrews, who won the gents' award last year, was invited to come—and did. He was just back from England where he made "Impulse."

The entertainment was terrific, with the Dave Barbour Trio, Funnyman Abe Burrows, Betty Jaynes—she's just been signed again by MGM after several years of retirement from her singing career. And, of course, Miss Lamour gave out with several wonderful songs.

—o—
She also put a sock finish to the affair by inviting the hundred or so members of the Press Club to her house for a



Charles Boyer having a midnight meal with his wife after a performance of "Red Gloves." The critics liked Charles, but they belittled the play.

party. The only men present were Dana, Glenn, Dottie's husband, Bill Howard, and their 3-year-old son, Ridge. Glenn left sorta early and explained to us that he was off on a duck hunting trip to start his four-months vacation, his first real one since he came back from the War.

—o—
From there we went to the Rodeo Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel for Louella Parsons' gay whingding for her newspaper

staff and radio gang, one of the best parties we've been to in months.

—o—
And from there we dragged our tired self home to bed, on account of we've been on a terrific merry-go-round lately.

—o—
A night or two before these events, we went to the preview of "Command Decision" which was attended by every star who could wangle seats to it. As we left the theatre in the rain Jimmy Stewart and his gal, Gloria McLean, were a-walkin' along beside us. She wasn't too hot about tramping to the parking lot in the downpour but Jimmy said, "Aw, it isn't raining hard." So she meekly trekked off down the street with him. Guess you would, too, if your beau was Mr. S.

Later we met Michael Steele, the very good young actor who played Captain Jenks in "Command Decision," and told him how good he was—it was no fib, either—we think he has a great future.

—o—
There have been a whole covey of Hollywood marriages, starting off with Diana Lynn's to John Lindsay. Wynn Rocamora, Diana's agent and pal, gave her a large wedding reception. Jane Withers was her matron of honor. And Bob Neal, Diana's former beau, was the first one to send her a wedding present. The newlyweds headed for a Nassau honeymoon. Marguerite Chapman and her new husband, Attorney

Reginald Gardiner and his wife with Clifton Webb at testimonial dinner to Darryl Zanuck. Mrs. Gardiner, expecting a baby, wants Webb as sitter.





No, it's not Ava Gardner, but Gaby Andre, French star here for films, with George Raft at Zanuck testimonial dinner.



Irene McEvoy and Bob Stack, behaving like lovebirds, at the Arthur Loew, Jr., dinner recently held at the Mocambo.



Dan Dailey introduces George Jessel and Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico to some friends at the Mocambo.



Edmond O'Brien and his wife, Olga San Juan, drink a toast to their expected baby at opening of Sallye Silver store.

Bentley Ryan, spent theirs in Acapulco, the Mexican resort. Wanda Hendrix arrived in town just a few hours before her marriage to Audie Murphy. Delayed in finishing "Prince Of Foxes" in Italy, Wanda planed in on a split-second schedule which didn't give her time to even try on the wedding dress that Paramount's designer, Edith Head, had made for her. David Rose and Betty Bigelow eloped to Las Vegas; Claire Trevor and Milton Bren were marriedly quietly; Margaret Whiting and radio advertising man, Hubbell Robinson, also tied the knot in Las Vegas.

—O—

And the recently married Eddie O'Briens are expecting a little O'Brien—which will delay Olga's starting her new contract at MGM. The Richard Harts are on the stork's list for the second time as are Burt and (Please turn to page 71)



Greg Bautzer with Ann Sothern at Mocambo. Often his dates are more business than social, for he's a brilliant lawyer.

Young Mrs. Agar

Up to a certain point, Shirley Temple bows to routine; after that she makes her own rules

By Ben Maddox

BESIDE the telephone Shirley Temple uses most often there is the most bewildering scratch pad in all Hollywood. If you don't know of its existence, then you don't know the real Shirley.

"Isn't it awful?" she prods you, with her gay grin underlining her emphasis.

"I realize I should have a nice pad, all ruled off in correct, convenient little spaces. Then I could find a phone number easily. I'd understand what I was doing when I wrote myself a memo. But it isn't that way, because *I'm* not that way. I realize the value of a system. You don't have to think. Life is so simple. But there are never any surprises. I couldn't stand that! I'll be the sort who wants to wonder, always. So that's why I scribble and jumble everything on this one sad piece of paper. You can see it's practically black. I have a dreadful time distinguishing what I've meant to remind myself."

Shirley sighed happily.

"So sometimes I just pick out phone numbers and start calling. I don't know whom I'll be getting. It's a marvelous door, however. I get into such unexpected conversations and have to figure out how to extract myself!"

All of which goes to prove that Shirley isn't the victim of unparalleled fame. She was brought up to be the well-balanced and responsible person she is



From the lovable little moppet emerged the Shirley of today . . . intelligent and beautiful with dimples still intact. Her adult philosophy, however, is peppery and imaginative.

today. But, being well-adjusted, she isn't to be dismissed as merely a virtuous symbol of American girlhood. She's definitely, you soon learn, a vivid human being. An intense imagination plus the light touch are Temple traits with which she is constantly peppering her progress.

Success automatically brings oceans of publicity on how the winner got to the top. You're familiar with the fine common sense and good breeding the Temple family helped develop in Shirley. What you ought to hear now is the truth about where Shirley makes her own exceptions—for that is where and why her grown-up happiness actually begins.

She conforms seriously up to a certain point.

"I have to be on time and fit into Hollywood's schedule when I am making a new picture. Here at home, I have to try to suit Jack. And Susan. And my family. But the idea that people should live by a set of rigid rules is a horrible one to me. Posing as perfect is just not in me. That's an impossible goal, and I hate pretense. I refuse to be cut-and-dried about anything. It's not the things you might claim to do that count. It's probably what you don't do that adds up!"

The proper indexed telephone note pad could be quickly ordered. But the ludicrous contrast of her scratch pad and her well-ordered home amuses Shirley. A secretary could be marching at her side, handing her neat little lists of her appointments for the day. "Oh, no!" Shirley cried at a mere mention of such a miserable fate. "What I need," she went on analytically, "is a little black date-book I could carry in my purse. If anyone gives me one, though, I'll lose it fast. I

Shirley and Darryl Zanuck, for whom she's making "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College."

"I can't help being naively youthful in looks, as well as small," moans Shirley, who looks no older than on her wedding day, "but I've cut my hair . . . I dress appropriately for my age now."





Johnny Sands, Jack Agar (winning), Shirley on "Baltimore Escapade" set.



just don't want everything one ought to have. Not if it's going to routinize my spare hours!"

She doesn't strain to appear anything she isn't.

"I draw the line at fooling people. Naturally, I begin by being honest with Jack. No, I don't believe in flattering a husband with false preferences. I'm not a clinging-vine and Jack would never have noticed me if I had been one. I love him for his own personality and his own idiosyncrasies, and he doesn't mind mine. For instance, he is mad about golf. My theory is that I should take it up, too, to keep him company on the links. But do I? No. I sampled it. My father tried to persuade me I was missing something, and failed. I discovered Jack could play thirty-six holes in the time he was laboring with me around the first nine. I saw no purpose in holding him back, and I didn't feel the same enthusiasm for it he does. There's always so much to do around a house with a baby in it that I have a legitimate excuse at the moment. I foresee that Susan's daddy will eventually be taking her out as his caddy. Then I could be a genuine golf widow!

"Tennis is my sport. Since Jack is as

keen about it as I am, it's a joint pleasure for us." He had to learn to ride well for his movie debut. Shirley confesses she hasn't been on a horse since she was ten years old. "I'm going to take riding lessons this year. I can share that fun with Jack. And some day I might have to ride in a picture."

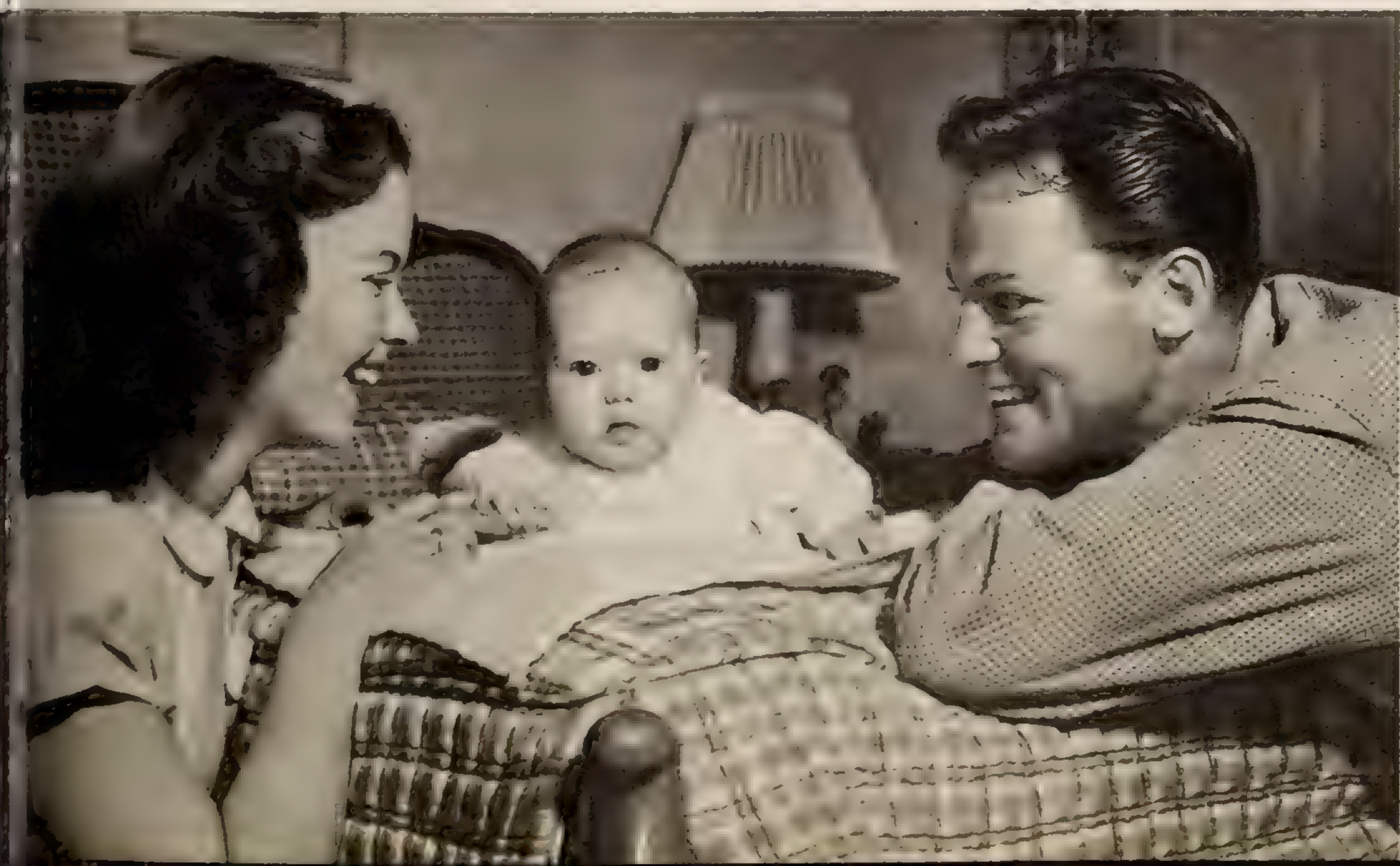
Her attitude towards her career has changed recently.

"Jack has made me much more ambitious about my work. I could never remember when I wasn't making movies, but to me they were like a hobby, though I realized I could never be happy away from a studio. I can't take idleness too long. By watching Jack and our friends who are just starting, by becoming aware of how much in earnest they are, I have been infected with their driving determination. Now I don't just want to go on forever on the screen. I want to go on forever as, first, an excellent adult actress. Then I want to wind up as terrific a character star as Ethel Barrymore.

"Right now," Shirley continued practically, "I can't help being naively youthful in looks, as well as small. But I've cut my hair for my new film, and as Jack approves of this (*Please turn to page 55*)

"Motherhood has tied me down, and I'm glad," says Shirley, with Jack and baby Susan. "I feel I wouldn't be a good mother if I spent several weeks away from Susan every year."

Above and Below: Shirley and Jack, romantic co-stars in "Baltimore Escapade," like to work with one another but they don't consider it wise for him to be typed with her.





**Anne Baxter, now starring
in "You're My Everything,"
a 20th Century-Fox picture**



Gary's currently in the thrilling "Task Force."

Leading Ladies I've Known

By Gary Cooper

"I have never talked about these gals before," he admits

FIFTY-SOME films ago, I made my first picture. That's a pretty frightening statement, I realize, and I hope that it doesn't convey to you the idea that I arrived in Hollywood along with the Indians.

I didn't. Neither did I pitch a tent by the side of the Los Angeles River and wait for Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille to start shooting in an abandoned barn. The explanation is simply that once the producers put me to work, they kept me at it, week in and week out.

I'm glad they did, of course. And, even more, I'm glad to have been cast with the various ladies who have played opposite me.

I've never talked about these gals before for publication, but I assure you they have been a varied and wonderful group. They have ranged from seven-year-old Shirley Temple to Ingrid Bergman, from fifteen-year-old, timid Joan Leslie to voluble Tallulah Bankhead. The only one I've missed, it seems, is *Lassie*.

Thinking of all these girls as a group, I am struck immediately with the fact that not one of them was "difficult" in the theatrical sense of the word. They were colorful, (Please turn to page 60)

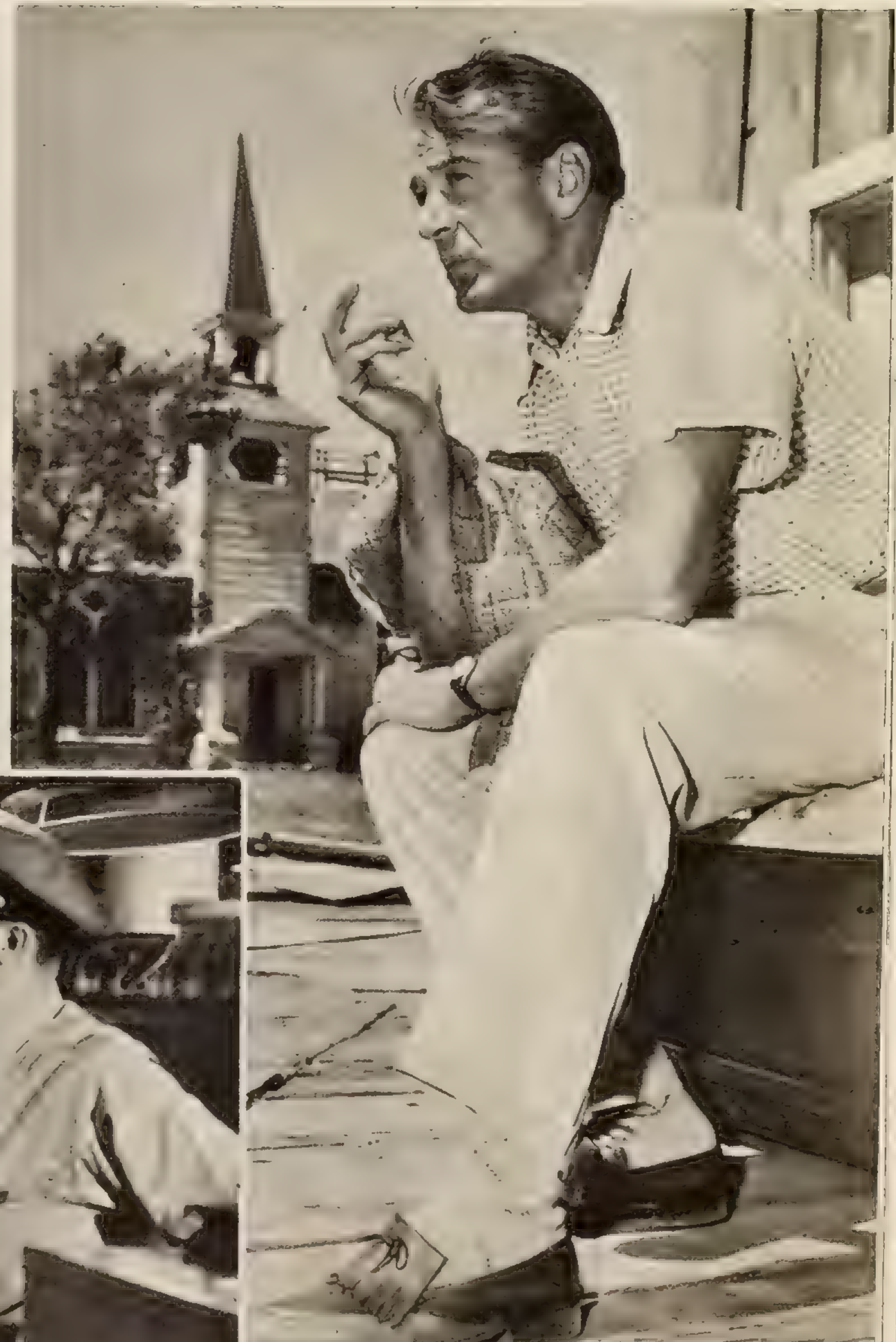


Both Gary and his wife enjoy a good party as well as strenuous outdoor sports.



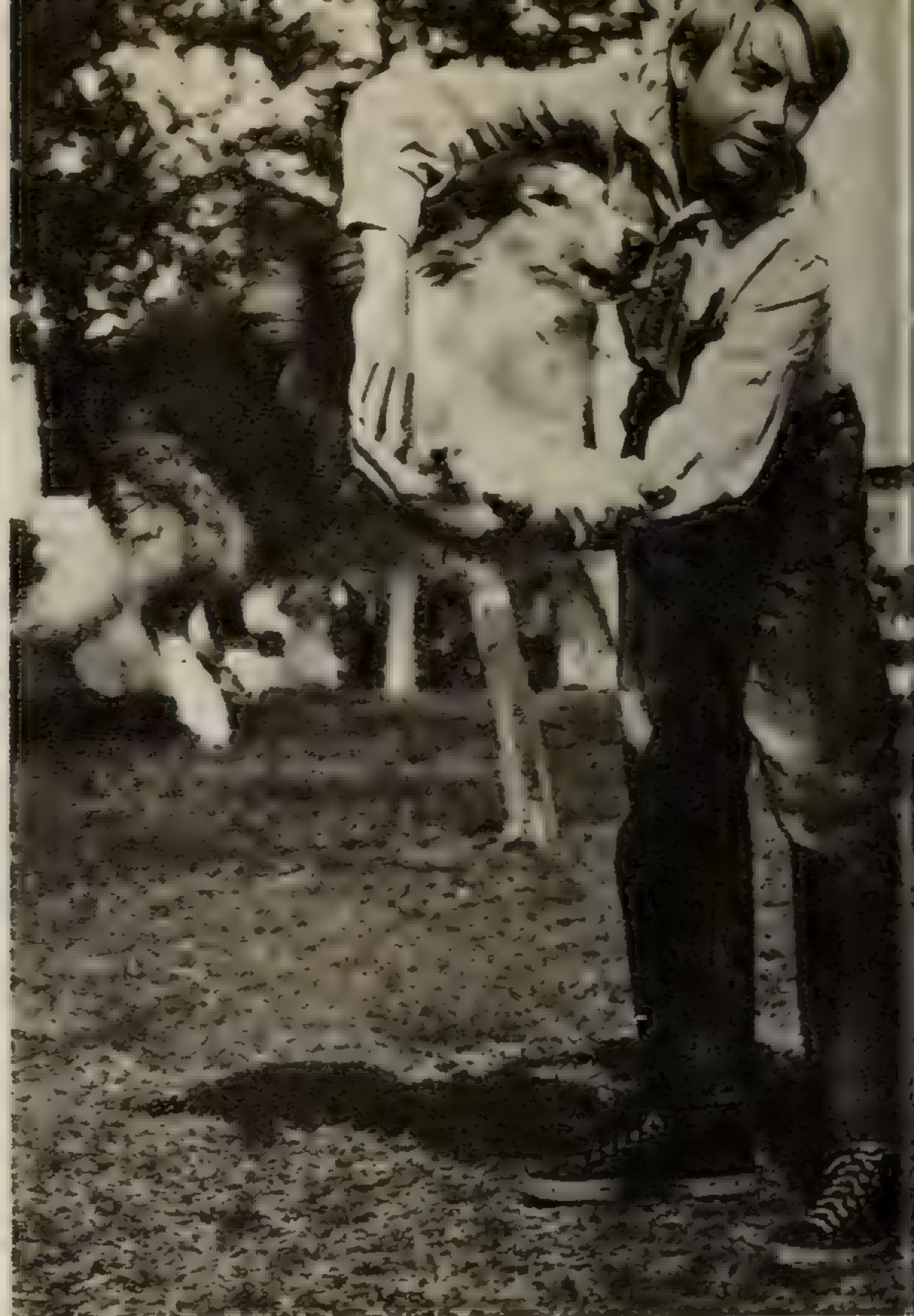
Gary with Pat Neal, his co-star in "The Fountainhead." Says she's like Bergman.

A scene from "Task Force," Gary Cooper's latest picture for Warner Bros. He's made over fifty pictures since he first came to Hollywood.



"When a gal has a sense of humor," says Gary, "it charms me down to the ground."





Claude Jarman, Jr., puts Lassie through the hoop as they wait for scene to get under way for "Sun In The Morning" on the MGM lot.

Lassie beams proudly as Claude admires the canine star's three pups. Claude made his screen debut in 1946 in "The Yearling."



BOY MEETS DOG

IN "Sun In The Morning," Claude Jarman, Jr., and Lassie are starred with Jeanette MacDonald. She's a concert singer whose young son is killed saving his dog's life. Lassie is the dog. Embittered, Jeanette gives up her career and, with Lassie, rents a home in the country. It is Claude, an orphan who does the chores around her house, whom Lassie accepts as his new master. And it is Claude who helps Jeanette find happiness again in her career as a singer.

Left: Claude helps Lassie to a cool cup of water after a difficult scene. Claude learned how to handle animals in his first role in "The Yearling."

Right: Claude and Lassie have a game of Leap Frog. "Sun In The Morning" was written by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of "The Yearling."

Claude, who hails from Nashville, Tenn., gives his all making a film. Won an Academy Award for "The Yearling." Lloyd Nolan, Lewis Stone are in film.





Miranda returns to the sea after the doctor's jealous wife hurts her feelings by calling her a sea cow.



Griffith Jones finds it hard to resist Miranda's artless charm.

miranda

A SAUCY mermaid is the heroine of "Miranda," a delightful fantasy released by Eagle Lion. Miranda (Glynis Johns) leaves her ocean lair after she captures a doctor (Griffith Jones) and frees him in return for a trip to dry land. There she soon discovers men, particularly an artist, a butler and the doctor himself, are very, very fetching and takes home with her a sweet baby merman (father unknown) to prove it.

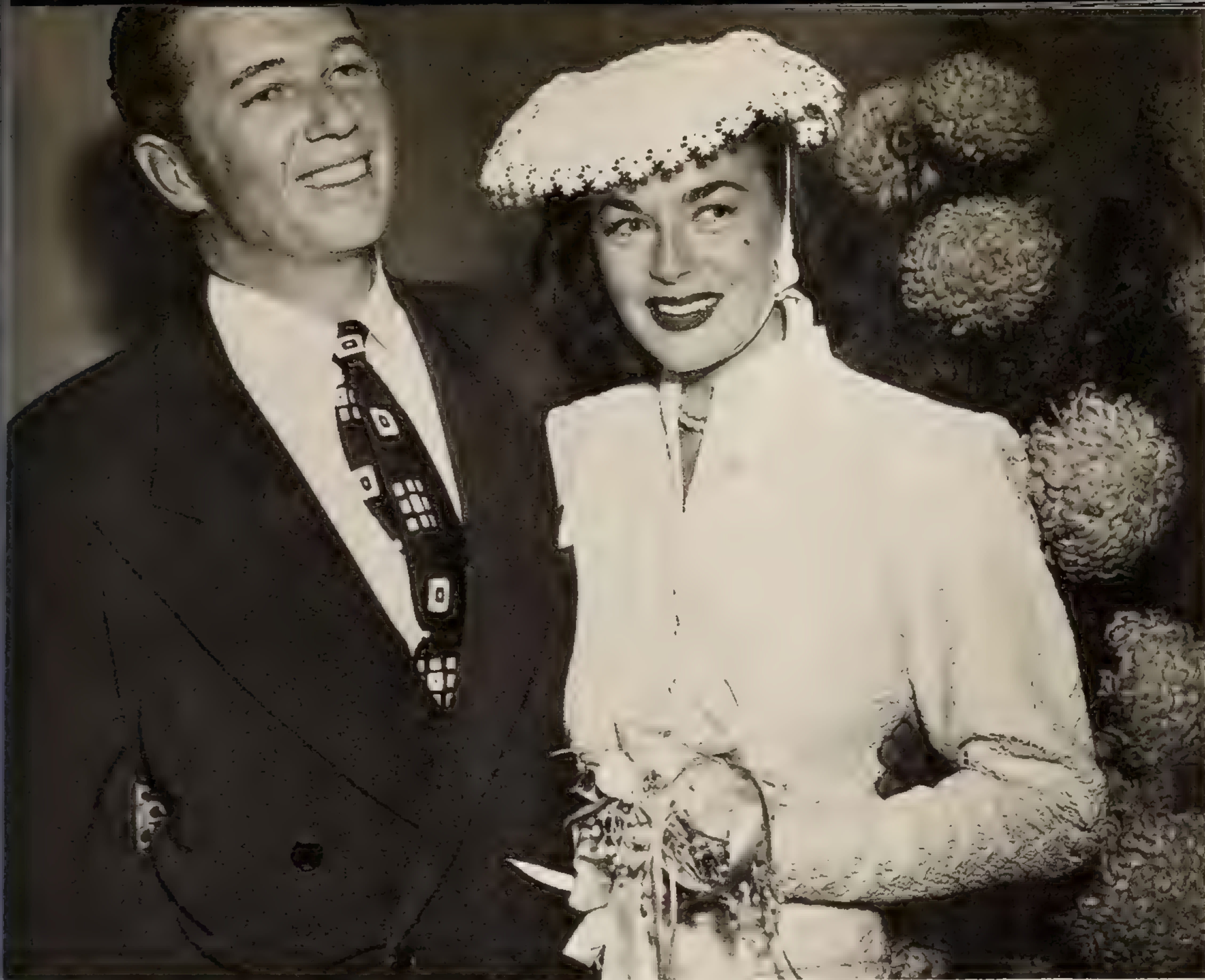
David Tomlinson, a butler, is engaged to the household maid until Miranda arrives.

Miranda's little son is her pet souvenir from her trip to land.





**Roy Rogers, starring
in "The Far Frontier,"
a Republic production**



Mr. and Mrs. Bentley Ryan at their wedding reception at the Bel-Aire Hotel.

New Role For Marguerite



Constance Moore and Joan Crawford were among the guests at the reception.



Ann Miller and Kay Aldridge Cameron congratulate Marguerite and Bentley.

Willard Parker congratulates Bentley while Mrs. Parker admires Marguerite's rings.



The Bill Lundigans waiting to greet the bride and groom at the reception.



Bentley ducks under his bride's bonnet for a kiss before they cut the cake.

SANTA BARBARA'S beautiful old Mission was the scene of Marguerite Chapman's marriage to Bentley Ryan. The ceremony was performed at a nuptial mass by Father O'Toole, historian priest in charge of the Mission, and was witnessed by the families of the bride and groom only. A reception for their friends was held after the wedding at the Bel-Aire Hotel. To Marguerite, no scene she has ever made in pictures was half so exciting as her own wedding, and no leading man could compare with her dynamic new husband. After a honeymoon trip, they plan to live in Los Angeles where Bentley is Greg Bautzer's law partner.

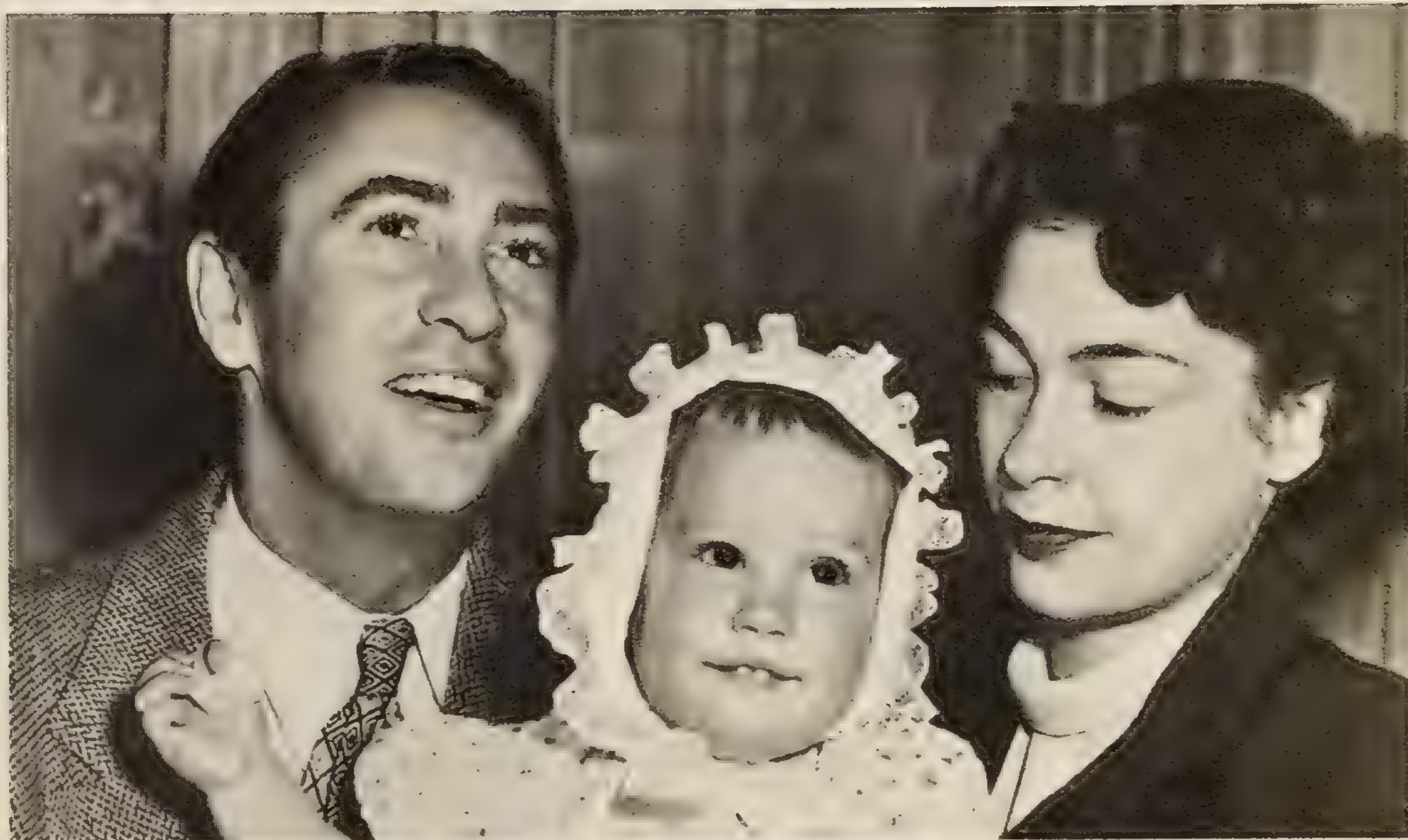


Esther Williams, next to be
seen in the MGM film, "Take
Me Out To The Ball Game"

Those LITTLE Things



Macdonald Carey, currently one of Paramount's best and busiest leading men.



Macdonald with his wife, Betty (formerly of radio), and their daughter, Lynne Catherine, now two years old. The Careys are expecting another addition to the family shortly.

Macdonald Carey has learned from experience he's no exception to the rule that it's the little things that count

By William Lynch Vallee

MACDONALD CAREY — one of Paramount's assorted leading men — rates as an authority on "the little things in life." The very same "little things" that help, the ditto that harm. . . .

You've encountered them, yourself—those small items that make life intolerably difficult and the miniscule matters that transform a cloudy day into a clear one. The brief note that arrived when you were fathoms deep in the blues, chased them away and brought you safely to the surface. The forgotten small something that was responsible for the

fall of Rome or the loss of the One Who Mattered—and who's to say which is the more important?

Carey—no dope, no illiterate ham—is a college-bred gent who was neck and neck with his master's degree when the call of the wild histrionic arts lured him away. Playing top roles in no less than four recent Paramount films ("Streets Of Laredo," "Bride Of Vengeance," "The Great Gatsby" and "The Sin Of Abby Hunt"), Carey is intelligent, articulate, commonsensical and a quick man with repartee—as you'll see if you stick around for a few more words.

"Back in Sioux City, Iowa," said Mac, looking smooth and sophisticated as all former Sioux City residents do, "in my first school play, a four-year-old girl saved my reputation *via* a couple of the little things that big ones depend upon—in this case, buttons and long trousers. I wore them in the play and the two back buttons were hanging by threads, ready to part company with the suspenders and expose all—but all. I might add that I was then six years old and that I hardly ever have that trouble these days. . . ."

In "Streets Of Laredo," which Mac describes as a Western-style "Three Musketeers," he plays *Lorn Reming*. Lorn is a cowboy cad with sex appeal and a part Mac enjoyed playing, especially since he wasn't once bothered by a little matter that has irked hundreds of actors, *to wit*, doing a love scene with someone who'd eaten garlic for lunch.

"My first experience with garlic and *l'amour*," he says, "came in a junior high play, when I had to make love to a young miss who was (Please turn to page 62)



Mac with Bill Holden and Bill Bendix in New Mexico for "Streets Of Laredo" scenes.

Mona Freeman having fun with Mac between scenes of Paramount's "Streets Of Laredo."



Macdonald Carey poses for candid camera fan on location at Gallup, N. M.





Linda Darnell and Paul Douglas in "Letter To Three Wives."

Linda Unravels The Rumors

By Alice L. Tildesley

ALMOST every Hollywood actress has rumor problems. At one time or another, when she picks up her paper or turns on her radio, she sees or hears a startling rumor concerning herself.

It may be unnerving only because it isn't true. Perhaps it is stated that she is going to have an all-white house, when she has just put the last penny her business manager will allow her into an old English decor, all dark paneled walls and polished mahogany. She can laugh at that one; but she can't laugh when she reads that she's being seen with her leading man at cafes, when she's happily married to someone else, or that she and her husband are "agreeing to disagree," though actually they are very much in love.

"All you need do is wake up in the



Linda and Paul on location along the Hudson in New York for "Letter To Three Wives."

morning, and you're in trouble!" sighed Linda Darnell. Dark and slender, in plaid shirt and well-cut slacks, she paced her studio dressing room. "So far as you know, you haven't said anything—you haven't done anything out of the ordinary. Yet your eyes are only half-open when a friend telephones: 'WELL, have you read so-and-so's column? What goes on at your house?' or 'Darling, what's the

fight about?"

"No one believes you when you say you have no idea. Even when you have found the paper and looked up the item, you can't imagine where the rumor came from."

She paused before a Chinese red screen that intensified the brilliant black of her hair.

"Pev and I have been married for nearly six years, and not a single year has gone by without two or three hateful rumors about us. We were married in April. That June, when I was on location at Kanab Forest for 'Buffalo Bill,' and poor, dear Pev was flat on his back in a hospital following an operation, one newspaper carried the story that we had been seen brawling at a Beverly Hills restaurant! Since no one can be in two places at once, it could easily be proved that we were not at the restaurant. If we had been there, neither of us would have been 'brawling.' We're too well bred for that, I hope.

"Pev tried to find out how such a thing could happen, but the only information he could get was that the restaurant had hired a public- (Please turn to page 67)



Linda, like Jeanne Crain, is accomplished as an artist. Occasionally she sketches out an outfit for her personal wardrobe, then has a dressmaker carry through her ideas.



One of the first photos of Linda with her newly-adopted baby, Charlotte Mildred, nicknamed Lola. She'll later adopt a boy.



Linda with her husband, Pev Marley, cameraman. They've been married for six years and, despite rumors, expect to be so for life.

Linda Darnell, as a night club entertainer, in "Slattery's Hurricane," a 20th Century-Fox film.

Linda Darnell, with customary frankness, discusses the many fantastic reports about herself and the real harm they cause





Even Mark Twain couldn't object to having more of Crosby than his Connecticut Yankee in the Court

Bing Crosby, as Hank Martin, the blacksmith from Connecticut, cheers up King Arthur (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), as he takes a hot mustard foot

bath to relieve his incurable cold. As a positive cure, Bing suggests the King stop living royally for awhile and try the life of a peasant.



ONE of Paramount's most enjoyable pictures is "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," with Bing Crosby in the title role. There is more Bing than Yankee and a good thing, too, for he's never been more appealing, more entertaining than as the village smithy of 1905 who suddenly finds himself living in 528 A.D. in the screwy court of King Arthur.

Left: Bings dons the armor for his joust with Sir Lancelot, played by Henry Wilcoxon. Oddly enough, Bing is winner.

Right: Bing's arrival at the Court is punctuated by the spears of King Arthur's men. They believe him a monster.





Bing astounds lovely Alisande with feats of magic—magic to folks back in 528 A.D.



Alisande introduces Bing to her betrothed, Sir Galahad (Richard Webb). Bing falls for Sandy, too.



Right: In 1931 the late Will Rogers played the title role of "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court" with Myrna Loy as Alisande. Just as with Bing, it was one of Will's best screen efforts.



Below: Bing Crosby personally selected Rhonda Fleming for the important role of Alisande, and certainly made no mistake in doing so. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the King, his first comedy role, is second to Bing in honors.

Having freed himself, Bing removes the shackles from Alisande to thwart Merlin (Murvyn Vye).

As Bing hears his death warrant read, he destroys the document with the aid of his watch crystal and the sun.





Richard Widmark, with Donald Buka, in "The Street With No Name," again was a thug.

Richard Widmark gets his first chance at being a hero in "Down To The Sea In Ships." In the film he befriends young Dean Stockwell.



Dick, with Henry Morgan, as First Mate of the *Pride of Bedford*, a whaling ship. The role is a decided departure for villainous Dick. Lionel Barrymore, as skipper of the *Pride Of Bedford*, at first resents Dick because he learned navigation in school and not at sea.



Charming

"I love doing hoodlum roles, but after a

By Florence Pritchett

HOLLYWOOD can lay claim to a number of curious things. It has The Voice named Sinatra, The Nose named Durante, The Face named Colby, The Ego named Welles, The Body named McDonald, and The Surprise named Widmark. Believe me, Richard Widmark is a surprise! Barring none, this young, blond screen villain is the most contradictory figure on the American screen today. Naturally, this is merely your writer's most humble opinion for when I met him for the first time, I got the surprise of my life!

Heaven only knows just what I expected, but if you've ever asked for red meat and ended up with creamed chicken, you can draw a close parallel to my astonishment. After all, Richard Widmark (*with a most delicate hand*) has pushed old ladies in wheel chairs to death. He has slapped women around and generally displayed a refined type of hoodlum manners capable of making the boys from "Murder Inc." shudder. On screen, he has been merciless, cold and sadistic.

Now, I'm not saying I expected to be poisoned or slapped around, but the prospect of lunching with a blue-eyed Bluebeard made it difficult to forecast just what would occur.

True, I sat at the table for an hour with my jaw dropping open in complete astonishment, but then lunch is a good time to have your mouth open. Even today when the name Richard Widmark pops into the conversation, an incredulous expression flits over my features. Why all of this astonishment? Let me tell you.

Richard Widmark, the screen's favorite killer, is as quiet and reserved as a



Dick, with Gregory Peck, in "Yellow Sky." He's also in "Slattery's Hurricane."

Surprise



ouple you get pretty tired of them," admits Richard Widmark

mouse. A reticence, apparently deeply bred in his character, makes him a difficult person to talk with when the topic of conversation is Richard Widmark. He doesn't sneer, snarl, or "talk tough." He speaks softly, his pale blue eyes are gentle, and he smiles most of the time. His education, obviously, has been extended beyond the best way to cut people into pieces. His sense of humor contains outward signs other than a hyena's laugh. His charm, as 20th Century-Fox must know, could very easily be diverted to a screen lover's.

The day this contradiction and I lunched, we almost didn't. 20th's muchly muraled commissary was only half full for most of Hollywood was home puttering away, it being a Saturday. Our star strolled in with his deliberate and non-

caring walk, wearing a navy blue turtle-neck sweater and navy trousers to match.

I straightened up into my best "I hope this interview goes well" smile, but Richard sat down at another table. Mr. Jim Reid, the bright idea boy of the studio, and I looked at each other with a "now what do we do" look, but just then Richard wheeled around in his chair, looked at our table sheepishly, and rushed over full of apologies.

In one long breath he said, "Oh! I almost forgot we were lunching. How are you? How are things in New York? I met you on Fifth Avenue. Do you remember?"

While he seated himself and ordered a jelly omelette and milk, I answered his questions. Finally, deciding to take the bull by the (Please turn to page 68)

"The lover boys want to be hoodlums, the hoodlums want to be lover boys," says Dick.

A ruthless killer on the screen, Dick is actually a shy, quiet, happy homebody.

Richard Widmark, 20th Century-Fox star, with his wife, formerly Jean Heath, and their daughter, Ann. Declares Dick, "My wife and I lead a very quiet life."



Human Side Of A Heavenly Body



"Nearly everyone puts up a barrier as a defense from insecurity and fears," says Ava.

After all, it's the most interesting side, especially when it belongs to Ava Gardner

Luscious and glamorous, Ava seldom attends lavish parties. Has never given one herself.

WHEN you talk to Ava Gardner you are always in for a double-barrelled dent.

That true glamour of hers gives you the first wallop. Believe me, she isn't synthetic. MGM hasn't assembled Ava in a spare hour. She's not just a slick trick of clever photography, with added siren sound effects. At conversational closeness, her face and figure are genuine dream stuff. Further, Ava is deliciously neither too old nor too young, and she was born with the rare knack of being fascinatingly feminine. In person, not merely on a screen.

This last-mentioned instinctive flair of hers was unfortunately blocked until she got to Hollywood. More of how she licked this particular personal problem later on.

Obviously, Ava is developing her acting ability out Culver City way and is now destined to climb to her very own niche in Hollywood's history. But the generally unappreciated fact I think worth bringing out is this: away from her studio she is already in full bloom—as a *human being*. I want to tell you, here, about the unpublicized side of this lovable Gardner girl.

You have read enough about the reaction she causes when she steps out in standard Hollywood style. When Ava goes to a premiere or to Ciro's she lands in all the columns the morning after. Her behavior is invariably genteel, but her appearance is so completely sock that she is the eye-stealer. She grins impishly at an escort and the know-it-alls wrap that

Ava with Robert Taylor on the set of MGM's "The Bribe," in which they're co-starred.



By Brac Stevens

up as a blazing romance. Naturally, where there's Ava there is fundamental warmth. Only in her case, I spell it heart. Hers, let me confide, is very well under control now, after considerable wrenching.

After you look at her for awhile, you find yourself listening in absolute astonishment. All of a sudden you get the second knockout jolt. She isn't following the ordinary pattern for glamour experts. She says and does things that you don't expect in Hollywood from a person in her spot. She is, actually, every bit as sincere, as amazingly unaffected, as the day she arrived in town.

Ava continues to spend three-fourths of all her free time away from the spotlighted places. Today, by her own choice, her best friends aren't all fellow movie stars. In spite of her film fame demanding that she Be Seen, she doesn't feel that chumming exclusively with Top Names is a burning necessity.



Ava now has her own quiet little home. She used to live in an apartment, but the cars and buses on Wilshire gave her insomnia.

She definitely rates our most envied invitations, but she simply isn't wild about superficial triumphs. So she seldom attends our most lavish parties. She certainly has never given one, and has no suppressed urge to eventually out-dazzle in that sort of splurging. A vain delight in showing off an elaborate house, a variety of expensive gowns and furs, fabulous jewels, and chi-chi attitudes, is not in her makeup. A passion for posturing, according to caste system rules, is not her idea of fun.

Not that she's a free soul. Far from it! Ava looks luscious enough to upset many an appletart, but what's inside that sane head of hers bosses her exterior. She literally admires the conventional in conduct, wants good taste in all she touches. Pretense, of whatever brand, throws her for a complete loss. So, wisely, she avoids all shades of fakery, tactfully. She seeks as her intimates people who are basically like herself. Idealists, with a great honesty. Eager to better themselves, but not hard in their ambition. Vastly impressed



Watching a scene with Charles Laughton, also in "The Bribe." It's a dramatic romance of tropical intrigue and exciting adventure.

with life's opportunities, but never with themselves. And followers of the Golden Rule.

With these friends Ava is not a pampered tin goddess, dominating because she is a movie celebrity. She acts like "just folks," and this endearing democracy cinches her with you.

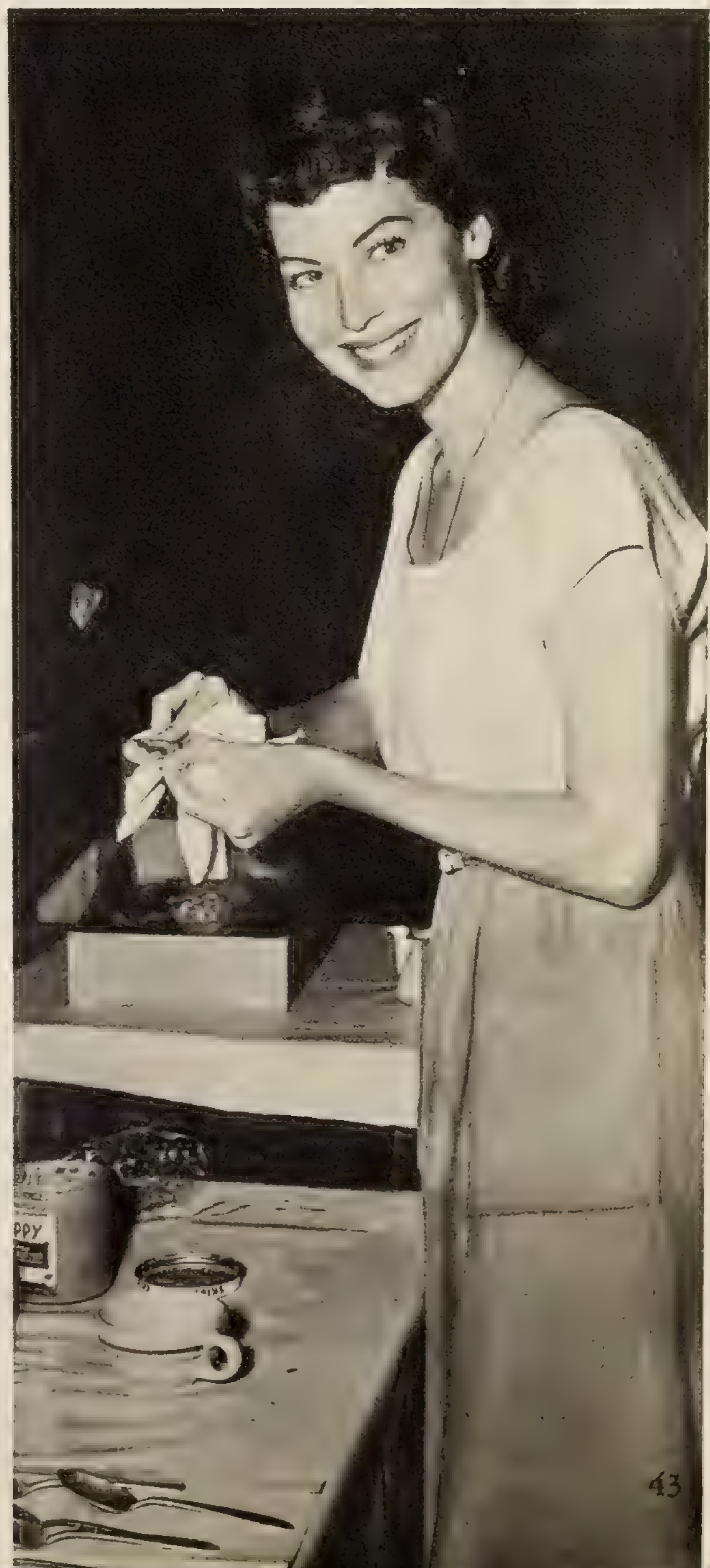
"I had to find something that Jerry would okay!" she bubbled, running to open the front door of her new home for me. The first house Ava has ever owned is a couple of miles up one of Hollywood's most secluded canyons. You think you must have made a mistake, until you round one more bend and see the colorful pink wood, one-story Gardner house set into her own portion of hillside.

Jerry is her attorney. Jerry Rosenthal, to be explicit. He doesn't specialize in film clients, and it's typical of Ava that she picked a successful young Los Angeles lawyer to give her financial as well as legal advice instead of a Hollywood character boasting of contacts.

I couldn't help grin back, for I know she's spent the past two years searching for this home. "It has to be reasonable and saleable," she'd inform her friends each time she returned from another fruitless real estate tour. She lived in small apartments until she finally discovered the right thing.

"I love this (Please turn to page 70)

Having a snack on the set of "The Bribe." She lives alone. Is a record fan. Has a maid-cook. Her favorite escort is Howard Duff.





Zachary Scott, who was raised on a Texas ranch, and Cesar Romero, an experienced rider himself, roundup calves for branding at Apple Valley.

Saddle roles don't stop the stars from hitting the trail for fun

IN the Mojave Desert, not far from Victorville, California, where a new resort section has sprung up, Apple Valley Inn has become one of the favorite vacation spots for the Hollywood stars. Boasting a landing field for private planes, the Inn is surrounded by breathtaking scenery, maintains a string of fine riding horses and, in short, offers a brand of dude ranching that emphasizes luxury and comfort for work-weary actors. Apple Valley was a natural oasis then when the Zachary Scotts, Cesar Romero, Audrey Totter, the John Bromfields and Barbara Bates wanted a weekend outdoors.



When John Bromfield and his bride, Corinne Calvet, flew up to Apple Valley Inn, the Scotts, Cesar, Audrey Totter and Barbara Bates greeted them at the field.



The stars got a kick out of carrier pigeons, used to relay messages to the main lodge.

Cesar crowned Nancy Bisset Queen of the Apple Valley Roundup with the help of Zachary Scott and Audrey Totter. In the evening, they all went square-dancing.

Corinne, John, Barbara and Cesar appreciated the fire at the early morning roundup.



Busman's Holiday



John Bromfield and Corinne Calvet, who flew up in their own plane for their honeymoon, with Cesar Romero and Audrey Totter riding out for the roundup at Apple Valley ranch. Zachary Scott playfully got the whole gang to give the newlyweds an old-fashioned "shivaree" that weekend.

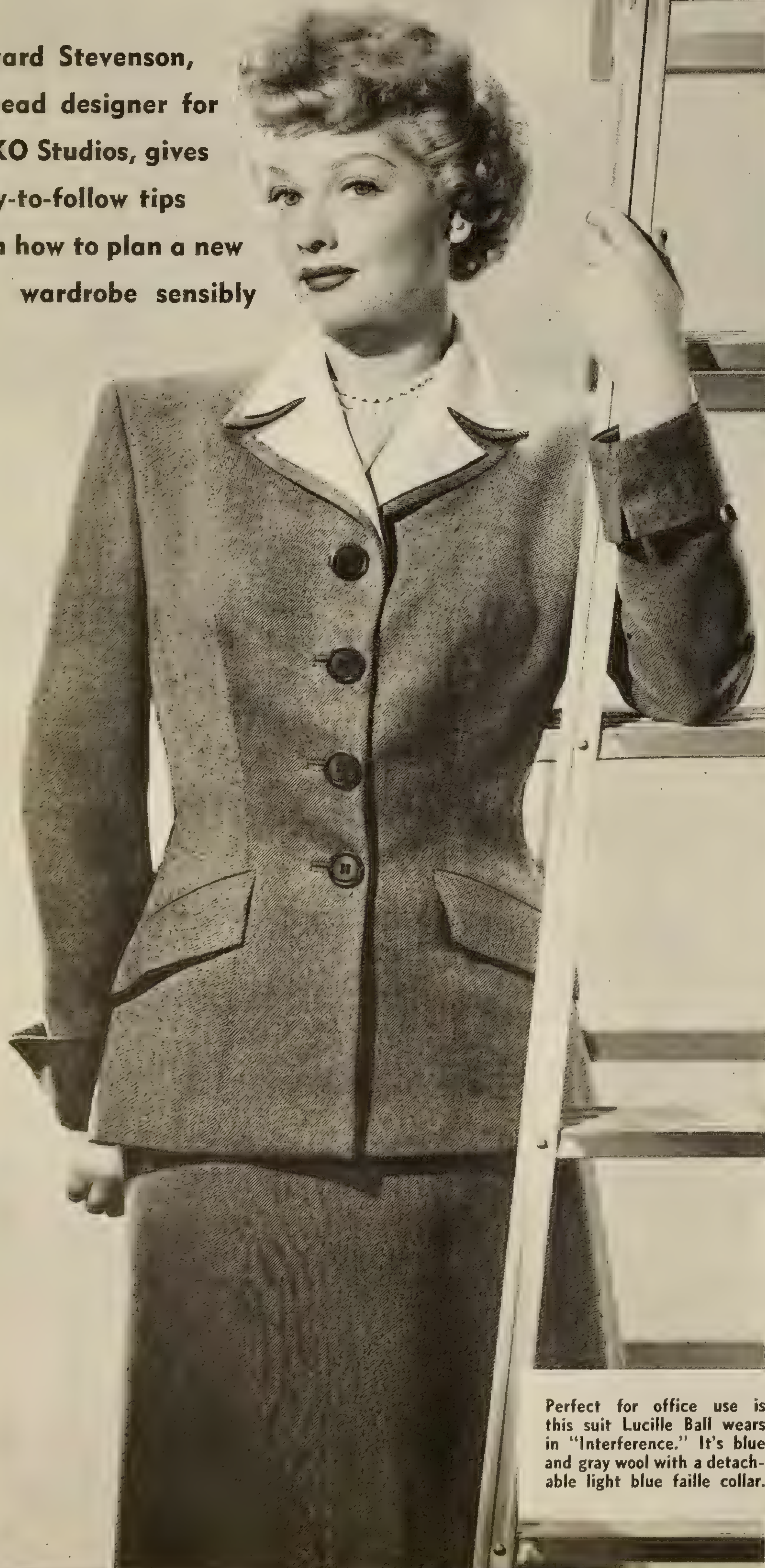
Feeling a little bit squeamish and sorry for the calf, Cesar Romero helped with the branding during the roundup for Apple Valley Inn, which raises its own beef cattle. Though coaxed, none of the girls would touch a hand to the branding iron.

Audrey Totter gets a lift down from the chuckwagon from George Trench and Cesar.



LET'S BE PRACTICAL LET'S BE PRACTICAL

Edward Stevenson,
head designer for
RKO Studios, gives
easy-to-follow tips
on how to plan a new
wardrobe sensibly



Perfect for office use is this suit Lucille Ball wears in "Interference." It's blue and gray wool with a detachable light blue faille collar.

By Edward Stevenson

PERHAPS you think movie stars go out and buy twenty-five new outfits at a time. They don't. They're quite realistic about the value of the dollar these days. They'd rather put their money into their homes because that's an investment. Most of them are very practical about their clothes. At the beginning of a season they buy three or four new suits and dresses to wear along with the things they already have.

* * *

Lucille Ball loves to buy evening clothes. But when she was making "Interference" at RKO, she told me she never buys more than she actually needs. Like the majority of the stars, she puts most of her money in basic suits and dresses. She doesn't buy a lot of things. She decides what she will need for the coming season, plans her purchases carefully, buys the necessities and no more.

* * *

Stars often ask if they can have a favorite suit lengthened, re-fitted, or even dyed, to keep it going for another season. One day I saw Shirley Temple wearing a very attractive suit and I asked her if it was new. "No," she said, "it's two years old and I want to have a yoke put on the skirt to make it longer." Like anyone else, stars become fond of a suit

The leaf design for the collar of this French blue wool suit is repeated in the slit pocket on the side of the jacket.





Left: Lucille Ball selects a tailored chartreuse crepe blouse with a burgundy bow to set off her smart forest green wool charmaine suit.

or a dress and they're willing to go to any amount of trouble to have it changed slightly so that they can continue to wear it.

* * *

And you might be surprised to know that while stars usually buy their basic clothes when a designer shows a new collection, many of them then go to the budget shops for the little extra items they need. They find some of their Summer cottons in those departments. They might be tempted to buy a simple little cotton dress in a custom designer's collection, but they shudder at the thought of spending two or three hundred dollars for it.

* * *

Too many girls try to buy all the clothes they *want*, instead of just the clothes they *need*. They buy heedlessly throughout the year, instead of acquiring a complete, harmonious wardrobe all at one time. I've heard them say, "I have a date with Joe tonight. I'm going to dash out to have my hair done and buy a new



Above: For the office, team a pleated skirt and matching navy greatcoat of kitten's ear broadcloth, with a chartreuse wool jersey blouse.



Right: Lucille Ball's wardrobe in "Interference," includes this black charmaine suit which is dressy enough for after-five dinner dates.

dress." They grab something in a hurry and waste their money as far as being well dressed is concerned.

* * *

Don't try to save on a suit, a basic dress, or a coat, because your appearance really depends on those three items. Unless a girl's life includes many social affairs, her wardrobe for a season could consist of just those three things. Let them be good and you can change them with less costly accessories.

* * *

Spend money on shoes. Buy one pair of each type that you need and buy good ones. They're an investment that will last if they're well made in classic lines. Do the same (Please turn to page 66)

Left: Lucille Ball models this Edward Stevenson suit in "Interference," made of purple wool charmaine with a lemon-yellow silk blouse.

Right: A lace-trimmed handkerchief complements Lucille Ball's delicate and flattering blouse of tucked nude chiffon banded with alencon lace.



Alexis Turns On The Heat!



Alexis Smith makes friends and influences people who can be helpful to her in her gun-running activities in "South Of St. Louis."



Zachary Scott falls under Alexis' spell in the Warner picture.



HER interpretation of a bar-room entertainer and unscrupulous gun runner for the Confederates in "South Of St. Louis," is Alexis Smith's answer to those critics who complain that she doesn't radiate any warmth on the screen. They'll have to take it all back when they see her as Rouge de Lisle.

Alexis doing a hot dance number for "South Of St. Louis."



Left: Alexis teams up with Joel McCrea, a Texas rancher, and they run the Union blockade. When Joel becomes a drunkard, Alexis sticks by him, helps him and, later, weds him.

Right: Alan Hale, Alexis' cohort in the smuggling racket, protests when she says she's going to ride a shipment of ammunition.



STILL IN STRIDE

Showing the same unconcern as in battle, Audie Murphy dares to be himself in Hollywood

By Kate Holliday

Audie candidly states he'll make a few films. If he's good, he'll stay; if not—

AUDIE MURPHY'S publicity man is a very befuddled fellow.

For Mr. Murphy, who made his name the hard way—in eight major infantry campaigns in the War—refuses to behave as a movie star should. During the production of his first starring film, Allied Artists' "Bad Boy," Audie broke every rule in the book.

To begin with, he made statements.

Like: "I always want *not* to be a hero. Only a few people deserve that title—and I don't know any off-hand."

(This from the guy who was given the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Legion of Honor of France, and twenty other medals!)

And like: "When people first asked me to take a screen test and go into the movies, I refused. I didn't know anything about acting. I still don't."

(That's sheer heresy!)

And like: "Hollywood is like any other industry. You do a job—just like you did in the Army. And, if you don't do

Audie in uniform and wearing medals that won him title of "most decorated soldier."



Wanda Hendrix, who's just become Mrs. Audie Murphy.

it well, the result is the same as during the War: they send you back to peeling potatoes where you belong.

"I'm going to try a few pictures. If I'm all right, fine. If I'm not, then I'll get out and make room for somebody who really knows what he's doing."

It is this last statement which causes the publicity man to clutch his greying hair. For never before in the history of motion pictures has anyone even *hinted* that he might not set the world on fire as an actor. And so well-grounded is the exactly opposite philosophy that it amounts nearly to protocol: If you're new to the screen, you infer in everything you do and say that the Gables and the Colmans and the Mitchums had better watch out—and let the press agents take it from there.

Now a well-preserved twenty-four, Mr. Murphy is thus a rather unusual gentleman. And we only hope that Hollywood's future will include more like him.

Audie is on the threshold of what will probably be the one carefree period of his life, and we wish him many years of it. We say this because, up to now, all that has come to him has been bought either by pure muscle-power or at the risk of his neck.

He was born in Kingston, Texas, a town of five hundred, in 1925. His father was a farmer, a share-cropper on land not renowned for its productivity. There was no money. Thus Audie began to earn his way as a mere kid, working in the fields, clerking in a general store, helping in a gas station, getting schooling somewhere



Audie will make his screen debut in Allied Artists' "Bad Boy." Right: Wanda as she appears in 20th's "Prince Of Foxes."

in between.

By the time he was seventeen, he was alone in the world. And there was a war on. Both because of the Army pay and because Audie is the kind of guy who likes to get into the right sort of fight, he decided a uniform was for him. The fact that he was under-age was easily rectified: he forged his birth certificate. Since there was no one to disprove his statement that he had attained the proper status, the Army opened its doors to him.

He hoped to become a paratrooper, but he didn't weigh enough. They put him, instead, in the infantry and soon afterwards sent him to North Africa as a replacement.

That began it. As a member of the 3rd Infantry Division of the 7th Army, Audie went from Africa to Sicily, to Italy's toe, to Anzio, to the Rhone Valley in Germany, and a few other spots between, winding up the War in Austria. He emerged with the aforementioned medals and with something he prized more: he was promoted to *(Please turn to page 64)*



Jane Wyman and David Niven in "A Kiss In The Dark," rollicking Warner Brothers comedy in which Jane again wins critics' braves.

Screenland Salutes

Jane Wyman

IT'S all very well being versatile as an actress, but how few there are who can change from one type of role to another without some loss of effectiveness. Jane Wyman is one of the gifted few. As Polly Haines, photographer's model in "A Kiss In The Dark," she is every bit as convincing and compelling as she was as the deaf-mute in memorable "Johnny Belinda." Her loveliness, shapeliness and sparkling personality are just as believable as was her drab and pathetic self in "Johnny Belinda." Watching Jane as Polly in "A Kiss In The Dark," with her Belinda in mind as contrast, presents a delightful exception to Jack of all trades, master of none.

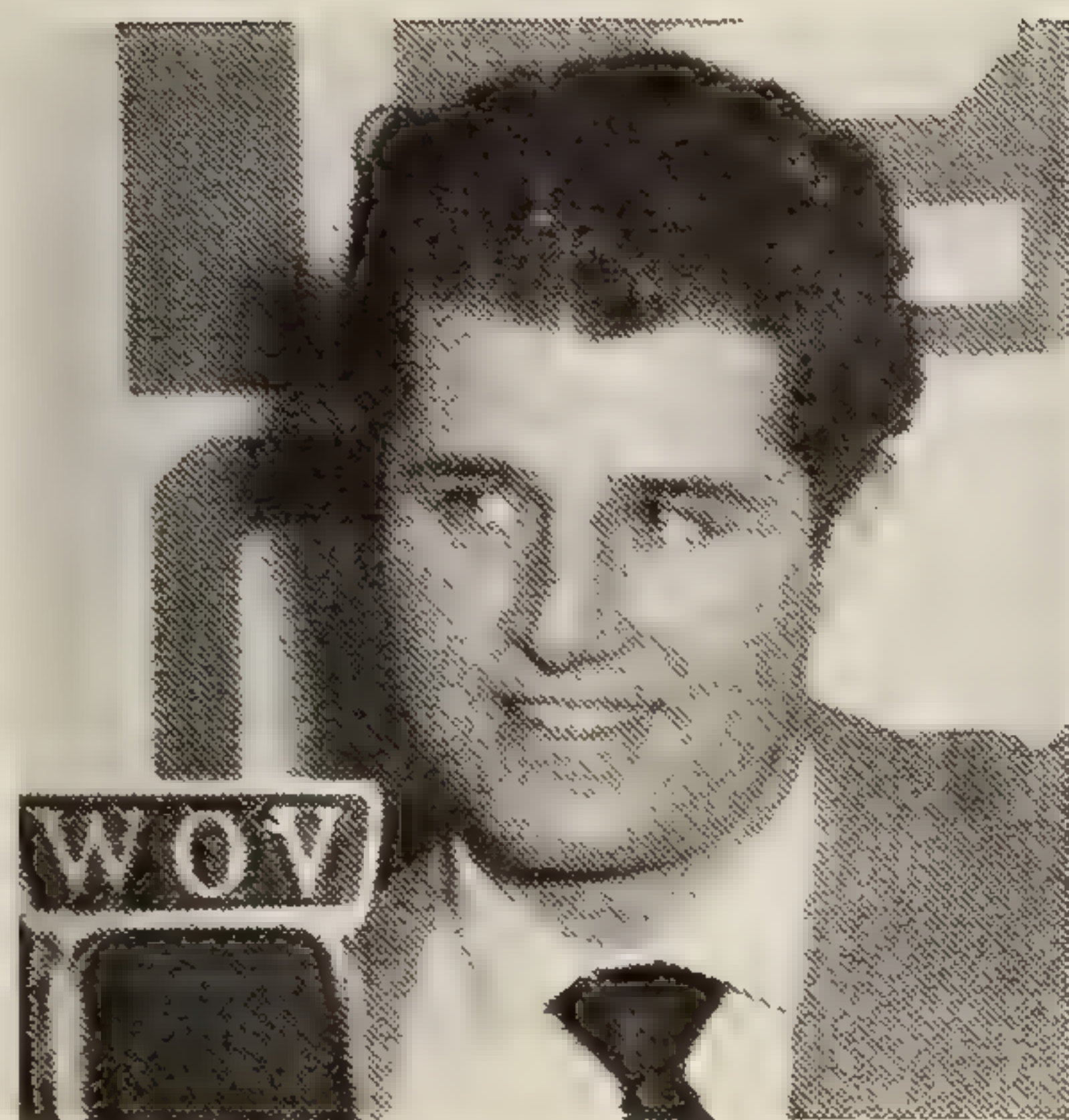
As a photographer's model, Jane is a decided delight to the eyes in this hilarious film.

Jane at work as a model in "A Kiss In The Dark." Quite a change from "Johnny Belinda."



FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record



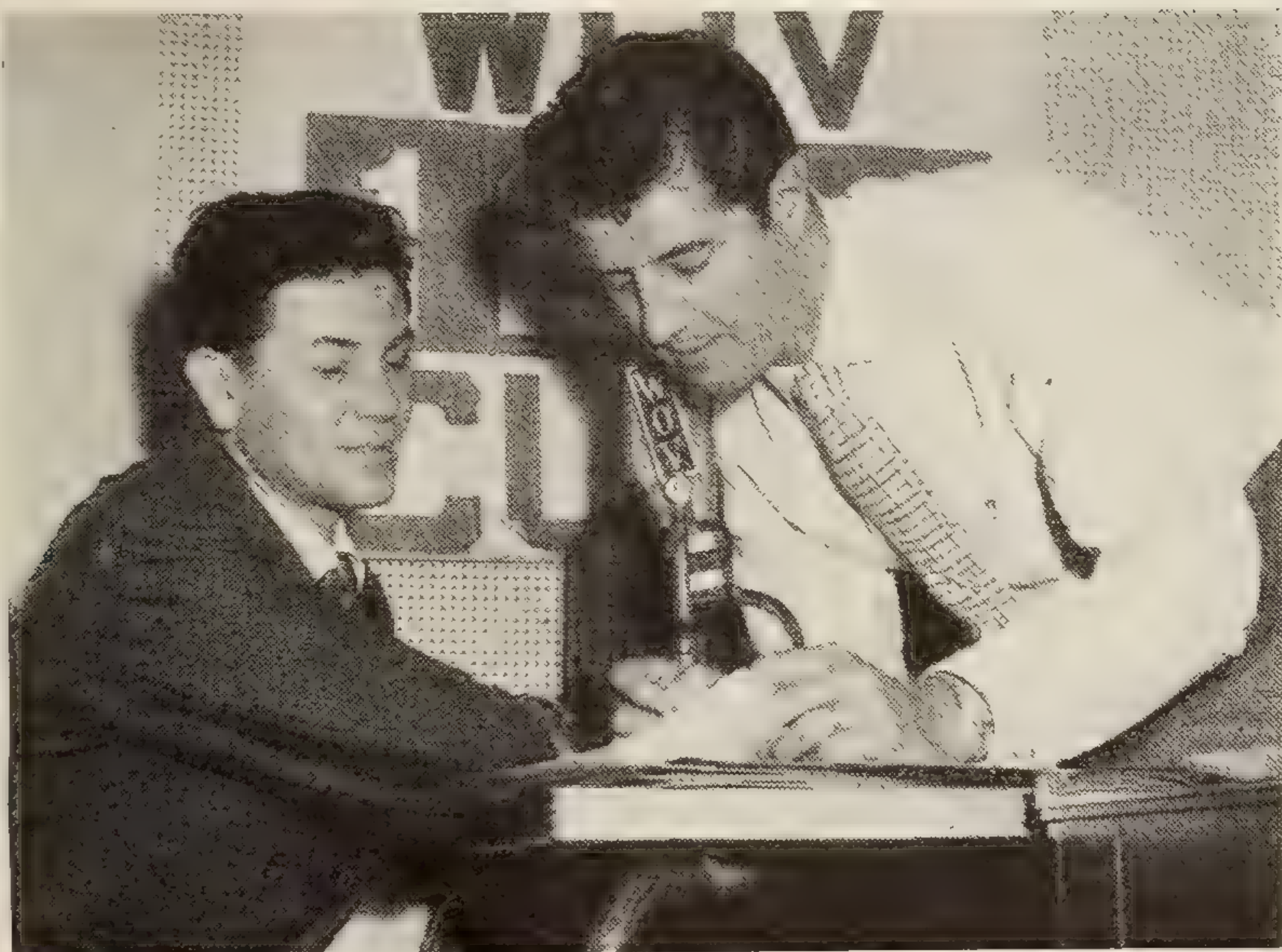
Right: Marilyn Maxwell, next in "The Champion" with Kirk Douglas, helps Fred spin his records on his popular "1280 Club" disk program.



HYA Grace
Is your face in place?
Well let's step up the pace
And get off to the race!

AND the race is to those kiddie cars with the canvas tops that go all the way back and let all that pretty azure in. M-m-m feel that balmy breath of old lady Spring, young thing! And meet it face to face. Dig those chestnuts

Benny Goodman, still King of the Clarinet, discusses jazz and be-bop with Freddy. Benny recently re-organized entire band with success.



John "Force Of Evil" Garfield goes over list of questions for interview on Fred's program. John's also made "We Were Strangers" for Col.

in blossom and all these fresh groovings too—there's as much nice noise coming from them as from those little ornithological rascals all around you. Show you what we mean! Alors!

HEAVENLY!

Frank Sinatra—Man, once you've been kissed by Amy—just tear up your list—you're thru! So goes the tres cacciatorre story from "Where's Charley"—which Nancy's daddy knocks off so moonbeamish like. Nice beat by Mitch Ayres' ork behind him, smooth beat and F. S. at his most Sinatraish. Back has Frankie on a hillwilliam kick, pardner, and if'n we do say so, the kid comes on like Eddy Arnold hisself. The name of this hyar now song is "Sunflower," and ah reckon as how you all will like it quite a spell. Just call Frankie "Red River Sinatra." (Columbia)



Vaughn Monroe explaining arrangement used in "Red Roses For A Blue Lady," his latest Victor release. The coupling is "Melancholy Minstrel."

Tommy Dorsey—Hey! Everybody down to the station to dig the little "chuggerbellies"—as T. D. and Co. pull out the throttle on "Down By The Station"—loaded with train whistles and all the other effects. Lucy Ann Polk, the Sentimentalists and Denny Dennis are all waiting for the choo choo. Shows what the great Dorsey band can do with a novelty. Denny Dennis, the kid from Piccadilly, has the backside all to himself—"How Many Tears Must Fall"—and flows like the Thames itself. (Victor)

Doris Day-Buddy Clark—Just like a

cute 'sparkle plenty' doll my gal Dodo gurgles, coos, and even sings—but like a little bird—and not the one who told me. First on her lovely ownsey—Warner Bros.' brightest star gets under "Someone Like You," which'll tickle your lobe like a feather—nice and bouncy—and the back—"My Dream Is Yours"—from the flicker of the same name, whispery ballad stuff. Then she completely speeds up your glitter metabolism by entwining tonsils with Buddy Clark on one of the nicest proposals ever heard—"If You Will Marry Me." Then they come in the left ear with "You Was" which was also grooved by Dean Martin and Peggy Lee and Vic Damone and Patti Page and is loaded with complete spontaneity and ease which is how biscuits should taste. Great little team—Dodo and the Baritone Lark! (Columbia)

Johnny Desmond—Look out—or you'll choke on your chiclet 'cause Desmo comes on like Chanel # 5 on this etching! Guy has more feeling than a Russian play and his euphonies will have you purring like a kitten, kitten. First Johnny breathes "These Will Be The Best Years Of Our Lives"—which immediately adds to the pleasures of '49—and then turns hillwilliam, even as Nancy's Daddy does, on "Careless Hands"—which has a nice beat and could happen. But this Desmo! Only great! MGM should be feeding Leo the Lion extra meat for getting him on their label. (MGM)

Words And Music—Voici the album from the shimmering celluloid of the same handle smack off the sound track, Jack! S'loaded with those immortal Rodgers and Hart thrillers—"Manhattan," "Thou Swell," "The Lady Is A Tramp," "Where Or When," "Johnny One Note," "I Wish I Were In Love Again," "There's A Small Hotel," "Where's That Rainbow"—and Lena Horne, Betty Garrett, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, Judy Garland, Ann Sothern and Lennie Hayton and his ork to sing and play 'em. What else do you want—dessert? (MGM 37)

Stan Kenton—By the time you dig this—Stan may either be reorganized, for which everyone with a good ear is keeping his toes crossed—or else deep in the study of psychiatry. Can't you imagine Dr. Stanley Kenton playing his records for some lovely patient and bringing out all of her hidden frustrations. "Oh, Doctor, play me 'Machito' or 'Cuban Carnival.' She'd be cured, but quick! And another in the all too short line of Kenton classics is this fresh cookie, "How Am I To Know," medium tempoed and not too frantic—backed by Junie Christy chirpin', "He Was A Good Man As Good Men Go"—novelty stuff done to show the Kenton band can be as commercial as any other. Every time you bake a hunk of Kentonia on your turntable, Mabel, make a little wish that Stan does reorganize—he's too great a musician and has given too much to American music to remain unheard! (Capitol)

Frankie Laine—Oh, save that confederate money, boys, the South shall rise again! Here comes the kid who relieves



In the wings of the Music Hall, Dinah Shore supplies the halo and Al Jolson the harp as Oscar Levant compares Al's playing to Harpo Marx's.

the pain. Mr. Laine—taking "Rosetta" for a walk that'll have you falling right in line behind! Moves like a DC 6! Wow! Has Frankie got a great beat!! And the kid can wag his chin to a slowie as well—as demonstrated on "It Only Happens Once," his latest composition—the other beauty was "We'll Be Together Again"—which is just as lovely—and shows he can write 'em as well as sell 'em. Wonderful guy to boot! (Mercury)

Harry James—Jesse James Daddy on the flames! And that band still revolves at the same consistent speed! Meaning Harry boy's back with a nice uproar on "Love—Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere," with Marion Morgan at the breath controls. Then everybody turns over and—mop!—we're off with "Redigal Jump"—another in that heavy rumbling series of tremendous instruments arranged by Ray Conniff, Harry's trombonist. The others were "East Coast Blues," "Easy," "All The Way," etc. This is right up to standard and comes on like Milton Berle! Harry's spotted on horn—and how! Wow! (Columbia)

ALSO EARWORTHY!

LES BROWN'S "Just One Of Those Things"—a rattlin' sequel to "I've Got My Bop To Keep Me Warm" and another in the leapin' line of Brown instrumentals. (Columbia) . . . JO STAFFORD'S "Congratulations" and "Funny Little Money Man"—first by Paul Weston and the mate in the "Little Man With A Candy Cigar" groove (*one she made with TD*) . . . And her "These Will Be The Best Years Of Our Lives" is like cotton candy. (Capitol) . . . FRANKIE CARLE'S etching of "Congrats" has Gregg Lawrence flicking his cords and is most ear arresting. (Columbia) . . . VAUGHN MONROE'S "Red Roses For A Blue Lady" and "My Own True Love"—if'n you like clothespins with your singing. Pass me my nose drops, Mirandy. (Victor) . . . The head of Vic's Victims has a sybaritic pressing in "My Heart's

In The Middle Of July" and "I Heard Music From Heaven"—sounds like the angels themselves. (Mercury) . . . SKITCH HENDERSON'S SKETCHES—a fine sheaf of Lyle Cedric's melodies on "Autumn In New York," "Jealousy," "Moonglow," "Soft Lights And Sweet Music," "Two Cigarettes In The Dark" and "Two Sleepy People." (Capitol CC110) . . . PATTI PAGE—on "So In Love" the Cole Porter beaut from "Kiss Me Kate." Soulful sound! (Mercury) . . . There's nice sherbert by HERBERT—JEFFRIES, that is, on "Baby Won't You Please Come Home." (Exclusive) . . . TONY PASTOR'S "Grievin' For You"—oozing with chirping soft and swooney by Rosemary Clooney. 'San oldie but the vibrations are like therapy. (Columbia) . . . JOHNNY LONG'S "Sweet Sue"—closet thing to his smasher "Shanty In Old You-Know-Where." How it bubbles! Zounds! (Signature) . . . And here comes LOUIS JORDAN "Pettin' And Pokin'" laughin' and jokin', screamin' and scratchin' and beamin' and steamin'—his fast patter cookie loaded with alliteration in re the tussles and nuzzles of a married pair. Beware brother! (Decca) . . . DEAN MARTIN does fine on his ownsey on "Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fondler" and "Powder Your Face With Sunshine" and if he keeps it up he'll be powderin' lotsa hearing flaps with those tonsils. (Capitol) . . .

HOT!!

Gene Krupa—Come and be baptized! 'Cause Genie with the light brown drumsticks in a leapin' brace of originals by Eddie Finckel, "Calling Doctor Gillespie" and "Up An Atom," bulging with surging solos and that great G.K. Slingerland (*gee, Dad!*). Showing how Genie has moved right with the times. And if you think you can't strop your insteps to 'em—you're off your rocker. But there's so much intriguing stuff to listen to, who wants to. Genie's sure baked some great HOTS this past year—"Disc Jockey Jump," "Leave Us Leap." (Columbia)

Ella Fitzgerald—Well scrape me off a saucer and call me buttercup! This is the "Robbins' Nest" to end 'em all—as Ella puts her own words to the catchy deal done for this kid by Illinois Jacquet originally and then by Sam Donahue, Claude Thornhill and Count Basie. But then she takes off in a coupla bop choruses that'll have you flippin' but with a half gaynor. How great can you be! And whatta thrill it is for this rascal everytime he digs it! Ella's lyric, incident, was fashioned on the spot in a N.Y. nite spot when we walked in and she dedicated it to us—but with pronouns and participles right out of her own fertile little brain. Back is her own composition—"No Sense," which belies the title—'cause it has bunches! (Decca)

Duke Ellington—Victor be praised! They're out with a reissued or unissued slab of "Caravan" and "In A Sentimental Mood"—but what's the diff—it's Ellington and that means more immortality for your wax shelf. Both full band deals—both completely up to '49 in every department. (Victor)

ALSO GROOVEY!

COLEMAN HAWKINS' melodic, rhapsodic exercise on "What Is There To Say," by Vernon Duke—still the greatest tenor soloist! Back is "Rifftide"—in which you're bopitized by Hawk, as well as Howard McGhee on trumpet and Sir Charles Thompson, author of "Robbins' Nest." (Capitol) . . . HOWARD MCGHEE-FATS NAVARRO BOPTET—two chapters of concentrated bopitismal stuff that'll transfix you like Ulysses was by the siren! (Blue Note) . . . CHUBBY JACKSON'S four lockin' bopalong biscuits—"Lemon Drop," "Crown Pilots," "Boomsie," and "Dee Dee's Dance"—all cut in Sweden (Rainbow) . . . BRAD GOWAN'S "Singin' The Blues" and "Jazz Me Blues"—with Billy Butterfield on trumpet and the late Davey Tough on the tubs (Victor) . . . COUNT BASIE'S "Sophisticated Swing" and "Mister Roberts' Roost"—coupla fine fizzin' instrumentals. (Victor) . . .

BEST IN THE NEST

DORIS DAY—"Someone Like You" (Columbia)
JOHNNY DESMOND—"These Will Be The Best Years Of Our Lives" (MGM)
STAN KENTON—"How Am I To Know" (Capitol)
FRANKIE LAINE—"Rosetta" (Mercury)
HARRY JAMES—"Redigal Jump" (Columbia)
TONY PASTOR—"Grievin' For You" (Columbia)
LOUIS JORDAN—"Pettin' And Pokin'" (Decca)
ELLA FITZGERALD—"Robbins' Nest" (Decca)
FRAN WARREN—"What's My Name" (Victor)
BUDDY STEWART—"Laughin' Boy" (Sittin' In)

For lips men love
—and love to kiss — *Tangee*



"KISS ME"

as interpreted by

MEG RANDALL

AND

RICHARD LONG

in a scene from

THE LIFE OF RILEY

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TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A new pink... to give extra "kiss appeal" to your lips.

TANGEE RED-RED—Best bet for brunettes. This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.

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KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

Continued from page 10

wine-colored off-the-shoulder taffeta.

Claudette Colbert was a dream in a pink silk crepe with flowing lines, while Anne Baxter, happily holding on to the arm of husband John Hodiak, was a vision in a gown of classic design by the sensational designer, Madame Genia—an evening robe in three shades of muted green tones.

Amid such a display of couturier art was it any wonder that the fans failed to recognize the slim girl with the severe black gown and the shoulder-length hair-do who turned out to be none other than Miss Bergman, the star of the whole proceedings, herself!

* * *

OF course, the autograph hunters and the premiere prowlers had their eyes and their candid cameras peeled for a vivacious short-haired "Joan" in an evening dress resembling a suit of armor. But this time Bergman, who is one of the most reticent of all the stars we know,

"After the broadcast was over, La Bergman looked at me impishly, smiled and said, 'Well, at least there was one thing unusual about this performance. It's the first time there's ever been any Joy in "Camille."'"

The next day Ingrid and her husband Dr. Lindstrom *did* get away for a few days vacation, but instead of going to the desert as everyone expected, they quietly stole away to the High Sierras which are still wintry at this time of year.

* * *

Many of their friends thought they would seek relaxation at the Shadow Mountain Club, Cliff Henderson's new desert retreat at Palm Desert about fifteen miles from Palm Springs. This new luxurious oasis has everything from a polo field to a private air-strip and amid these beautiful surroundings, film stars and celebrities sip champagne in a spot where twenty years ago grizzled prospectors died of thirst.

Humphrey Bogart surveys National Brotherhood Week poster which he just finished nailing up at Warners' Studios.

Cliff is the man who built the famous West Coast Pan-Pacific Auditorium, which he recently sold for many millions of dollars, all of which he sank into this new desert community to provide a playground for movie stars and socialites.

At the opening of his new crystal-encrusted Shadow Mountain Club, for example, I discovered Jimmy Stewart with his glamorous stand-by, Gloria McLean, Olivia de Havilland and her husband, Marcus Goodrich, the Gregory Pecks, Bill Holden with Brenda and Bob Stack with Irene Wrightsman.

Opening day events brought out all the stars to watch the rodeo, the pioneer pageant and the Water Ballet which was so effective that I heard a girl behind me remark, "I think that's the most beautiful swimming exhibition I have ever seen!"

You can imagine my surprise when I turned around and found that the impressed voice came from none other than Esther Williams!



Evelyn Keyes and Glenn Ford, stars of "The Mat- ing Of Millie," prepare a Radio Theatre broad- cast of the same film.



Gene Kelly, Dennis Day with Dotty Lamour on her NBC air show.

fooled them and was off and away before the first-night fans could catch her.

At an intimate party later in the evening, I asked Ingrid why she had whipped off so suddenly and she told me that the New York premiere had been almost too much for her and that she and her husband were longing to get away for a quiet rest.

Kidding her about her New York jaunt was the distinguished actor, Nicholas Joy, who plays the Archbishop of Rheims in "Joan" and who appeared with Ingrid on a broadcast of "Camille" during her Gotham sojourn.

Nicholas played Armand's father to Bergman's portrayal of the famous Dumas heroine for the radio presentation which won Hot-per-rating acclaim.

"Cobina, don't let Ingrid tell you that she has no sense of humor." Nick said



Esther Williams, currently in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," and her husband, Ben Gage, entertain her mother and dad, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Williams, at home.

Young Mrs. Agar

Continued from page 27

new look I'm going to keep it short. It's a step toward following the prevailing fashion. I dress appropriately for my age now, but after awhile I can do a bit of style-setting, I hope! Lowering the pitch of my speaking voice should add to my opportunities for dramatic roles. I've begun my first voice lessons with that as my purpose."

In "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College," Shirley portrays a young widow with a three-year-old son. This makes a specific demand upon her acting ability, and an advance glimpse of some of her major scenes plainly shows her increased range. She receives a twenty second kiss from Tom Drake in the finished film. Creating it meant her most ardent romantic task so far. The director shot the clinch from every possible angle. "I didn't rehearse it at home," Shirley informed me. "Jack and I don't rehearse one another. We are too self-conscious with each other for that."

Her return to the 20th Century-Fox lot, where she was the world's greatest child star, has been the most enjoyable loan-out David O. Selznick has ever arranged for her. She was welcomed back after her nine-year absence with a gala reception in the studio cafe. Jane Withers and many of the stars who shone in the early Temple films attended to greet her in person.

Her picturesque dressing-room cottage, long a Hollywood landmark, was empty until last year. Then the studio dentist finally captured it for his offices. He couldn't be moved. So Shirley was blissful, and very grown-up, in a swanky suite right alongside the ones reserved for Betty Grable and Tyrone Power. She received a nostalgic jolt when her set dressing-room materialized as the identical trailer she'd had as a child star. Only all the frills of childhood were gone. Instead of the cute wallpaper with animals, the doll's house, and the set of little dishes, it was painted a dark, lush green and the dressing-table and couch were in a subtly matching shade. "I wouldn't have recognized it," Shirley assured me, "if I hadn't found the initials 'S. T.' carved on the door—where I put them when nobody was looking."

"Everything looked smaller at 20th than I'd remembered. That first longer love scene with Tom Drake was shot on Stage 9. It was the same stage I began on, when I was five. Only then it was a vast cavern to me. I couldn't wait to slip off and see the hill I used to climb up at five. Now it's gone. At least, it's become just a slight incline. I hurried over to the old administration building where I thought there were eight high steps. I finally located two medium-sized ones."

Working with Clifton Webb was a delight and onlookers told me how ably she kept up with his witticisms. He had to accept one of her don'ts, to his surprise. The first day of shooting, he immediately asked her to call him by his first name, as did the producer of their picture, Sam Engel.

"That's something I've never been able

Are you in the know?



What would you do in this situation?

☐ Smile and switch

☐ Keep on dancing

☐ Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud . . . and Heathcliff's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your bookings—switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud!

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- ☐ Cold cream
- ☐ Smooching

Avast there, matey! *First* slip makeup off with *cream*, wiping away with Kleenex Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too . . . with the aid of Kotex and that *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you *extra* protection, self-assurance! All 3 absorbencies of Kotex have it . . . Regular, Junior and Super.



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- ☐ Read his palm
- ☐ Pry into his past
- ☐ Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who!)—your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, depend on *Kotex*—for Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell—keep your secret confidential!

More women choose **KOTEX**[★]
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

to do," Shirley said to me. "I don't call older people by their first names until we have become old friends—which takes a lot of years. This isn't a rule with me. It's a mania! It seems so disrespectful, otherwise. Mr. Webb announced he'd call me 'Temple' then, if I would call him 'Webb.' I accomplished that all right, because it was sort of professional. But it was always Mr. Engel. Imagine being so flip with a producer that you'd call him Sam. Or David or Darryl!"

She spent thirteen novel days on location on the University of Nevada campus in Reno. It was her first time away from Susan, and Shirley carefully long-distanced home daily to check on every detail of her baby's care in her necessary absence. Two hundred college students were hired for extra work, and pleaded with her to return to be queen of their Winter ski festival. It was very stimulating to her to mix with the college crowd. She recalls with particular pleasure the lengthy discussion she had with the Dean of Women at the university.

"I was amazed to discover nearly an eighth of today's co-eds are married. Many have children and are keeping house. Yet their grades are as good as the single girls', and better than the men students.

"I don't eat much at lunch when I'm working," Shirley went on, recollecting a fiasco she shared with Mr. Webb. "I can't. Neither can he. But such a magnificent dinner was sent us one noon while we were on that location that we slipped. It was eleven degrees above zero when we tried to resume acting outside afterwards. We had a five-page scene to play and both of us were so full of food we were pathetic. We fluffed it time after time!"

By preference, Shirley says no, firmly, to all offers of elaborately prepared food, so you'd be wasting your efforts if you slaved over intricate dishes for her benefit. "I've loved Summer squash, and have eaten it almost daily, since I was a baby. Peas and carrots, too. And it isn't chicken every Sunday for me, but every day if possible instead of meat. All too often I get ptomaine from the chicken I order when we eat out. I've gotten it in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and Santa Monica restaurants. That doesn't stop me!"

Although Shirley wants plain foods, she sees to it that Jack can have a variety. They employ an expert housekeeper-cook, but Shirley checks on the menus thoroughly. She considers this one of her basic duties as a wife. Occasionally, she decides to practice some of the cooking-school recipes she mastered before her marriage. A chocolate roll, stuffed temptingly with whipped cream, is inevitably a breeze for Mrs. Agar and a morsel to Jack and their bridge guests.

The Agars dote on very small, informal gatherings of their friends, who are mostly non-Names. Going over to someone's house, or phoning an invitation to come on over to the Agars', is nine-tenths of their social life. Once in awhile they go dancing at *Ciro's*, and just last month Shirley gave her first Name party at home in honor of Rory Calhoun and his



Director Alfred Hitchcock gets an earful from Lucille Ball at her *Ciro's* party.

bride. But sound plain talk, far removed from cosmopolitan jaded airs, suits her best. With considerable bridge thrown in. Shirley came back from Nevada bursting with the news that she'd made three grand slams in one game with some girls in Reno. "They were so impressed!" she informed Jack. "So was I," she added, honestly. "So am I!" he quipped, remembering how blithely she'd bid three hearts, with only three hearts in her hand, their first game.

"We're such stay-ups," Shirley said to me. "Jack and I are always the last to leave a party. Another cup of coffee and we sit some more. When we get home, we keep talking like fools instead of going to bed sensibly. We love to argue about things we really don't know enough about. Conversation is a fine, inaccurate art with us!"

Shirley won't fly. Insists she doesn't want to get anywhere in such a hurry. Travel, to her, should be leisurely. I suspect she is still afraid of airplanes, for

she doesn't mind hurrying when she's at the wheel of her car. She has a passion for shopping. That is, for the picking out part of it. The drudgery involved is a pain she often avoids suffering. She abhors a fitting, for example. "Yes, I did pick out a new suit three months ago," she admitted. "I haven't had it delivered yet, because I've put off going back to the shop for a fitting."

When we got back on the subject of her movies again, she explained that she and Jack would like to team in one a year. They prefer to work with one another, but they don't think it wise for him to be typed with her. "It's more fun when I don't know what I'm to make next. I'd rather be told on a Saturday that I'm starting a new picture on a Monday. Then I won't worry for months ahead. I'm against worry, but I'm a worrier! Once I *did* have that happen to me. There was no time at all to assemble a wardrobe, so I just wore my own things. I wish, also, that studios could work from one p. m. to ten p. m. I always feel peppier as the day goes along. How I hate that morning alarm clock!"

Susan Agar, now a year old, is the third person who's always included in the Agars' scheme now. Shirley hasn't been to New York City for fun since 1944. She doesn't anticipate a spree there. "Motherhood has me tied down, and I'm glad. I feel I wouldn't be a good mother if I spent several weeks away from Susan each year. The one location trip to Nevada had to be, but it was terrible to be so far from her that long a time."

She isn't going to let Susan be an only child. She's expecting two more children, the three preferably two years apart. "I don't care whether they are boys or girls, so long as they are healthy and fairly intelligent."

With Shirley Temple as their mother, how can they miss?

How To Be The Other Woman . . .

Continued from page 22

sporting the longer haircut. That was only one instance where I learned that a woman must gear herself to please her man style-wise and all the other wises. To me, that is a certain way to be the "other woman" in your husband's life.

Whenever anyone asks me how I managed to keep Collie interested before we were married and since—and that's a woman's big job, keeping a husband interested—I can only reply, "I try never to get in a rut. I try not to be the same personality day in and day out—of course this is not difficult for me." A man *thinks* he likes a nice, steady diet of female companionship. He's supposed to like a woman whose moods he can gauge, whose reactions he can anticipate. But a lot of women who are calm, dependable and steady find that after a while their men become restless, that the gentlemen come home at night and retire behind the newspaper.

I think men like variety in a wife. So

why not stop them from looking around for the so-called "other woman" and you, yourself, be as different upon occasion as possible? I don't mean a woman should be a vixen one day and a sweet, coy young thing the next. But a little surprise and anticipation in marriage never bored anyone. And that's the pattern I'm driving at.

Most wives—or perhaps I should say some wives—make the mistake of becoming too settled. They overlook the important fact that they should remain their husbands' sweethearts—which, incidentally, is the attitude taken by most "other women." They neglect or forget to rush to put on a new hair ribbon or a new necklace or to get into a femininely attractive dress to greet hubby when he comes home. They think it silly to put some romantic music on the radio or phonograph to add a bit of romance to an evening. They often consider candlelight at dinner not important. Yet, those

are the very things, the very ruses that the "other woman" uses in her conquest of the male. So why shouldn't a wife use them? Why shouldn't she try to carry out the idea that she and her husband are still going together? And in dwelling on this romance idea, I think men can be equally romantic without destroying themselves. I think, for example, that it's a wonderful thing when a husband suddenly stops his car when he and his wife are driving some place and says to her, "You look wonderful—give me a kiss."

All of these things were done during the courtship period and it doesn't hurt to continue them after marriage.

Speaking of the courtship period brings up a moot question. Should a girl show her faults then or try to hide them? I think a girl should let a man know of her shortcomings while she's being dated—but how few do! Men are wonderful in that respect. They blandly display all their faults. If he puts his feet on the furniture, for instance, when he is courting a girl, she can be sure he'll do the same thing when he's married. That candid quality is the nature of the man. He's *direct*. Women are indirect. A woman will watch her behavior carefully when she's being dated. She's *so* careful that she gets all tied up in knots. When I was going with Collie, I used to be so nervous for fear that I'd do something wrong that I couldn't eat when I was dining with him. I even tried to develop a new voice—something soft and different! Mine naturally is sort of husky-hoarse, you know. But Collie found me out. One day he said, "You know I *like* that quality in your voice. Got a cold?" I let down the barriers and replied, "No, it's the way I really talk. I can't help it." I haven't tried to change it since.

It doesn't pay for a woman to fool a man. Instead, she must be all women to one man. Let her be herself—but with a constant eye on what pleases the man she's married.

When the girl has won her man and they're in the first year of marriage, there are, naturally, problems. But here again she can borrow the tricks of the nebulous "other woman" and keep her marriage and her man.

One of the most important things for her to remember is not to be jealous. Jealousy is a destructive force. If a girl happens to be jealous and can't help it, it's certainly best for her to keep it to herself. Nothing frightens a man so much as jealousy. Mentally, he feels like a prisoner. To resent a husband's complimentary remarks about another woman is silly. And is also tiresome to a man. Rather than resenting them, I think, it's better for a wife to incorporate in herself some of the qualities he has admired in others. Not in such a way that she tries to be a carbon copy of another woman. I mean, if a husband should say that he likes a certain woman's laugh, the wife shouldn't try to simulate some gay laugh which makes her sound like an idiot! That *would* be silly. She can still be herself—and honest to herself—without taking such drastic measures, but she *can* improve her laugh, perhaps—walk more attractively, improve her *style* in makeup

How a wife's false modesty can wreck *Married Happiness!*



If only she'd learn here scientific truth *she can trust*
about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is too timid or shy to learn these intimate physical facts. And because of this her husband may become sulky and resentful. She feels her marriage is breaking up—heading for divorce. Yet she finds herself *helpless*.

It's this pitiful young woman who definitely needs to be instructed on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *married happiness*—to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's **EVEN MORE IMPORTANT**—why she should always use ZONITE in her douche.

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GUIDE To Glamour



Yardley's Pink Pearl English Complexion Powder lends a lifting radiance to Winter-pale faces.

TO flowers and fragrance, buttons and bows, add a dash of Springtime color and you find the ideal Miss April of 1949!

Yardley's Pink Pearl English Complexion Powder will add a radiance to many a Winter-wan face, has a filmy texture and clings long and lovingly. A fragrant box, \$1.*

Cheramy's April Showers is as much a part of Spring as sunshine. Pictured is the Eau de Toilette, \$1.25* to \$2.* The companion perfume is \$1.25* to \$7.50.*

Golden Chance perfume, lying in a golden leaf, by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, is one delightful way to spend \$1.50* for perfume. The bottle is a replica of an old-fashioned inkwell. A golden cord with pink hearts hugs its neck, while the leaf makes a quaint individual ash tray. Here's a little treasure.

Star Bright, inspired by the old wishing verse, is a Cutex contribution. "Pink just blushing into flame," is the maker's description of this electric tone in Nail



A salute to Spring is April Showers fragrance by Cheramy.

Golden Chance perfume rests in an intricate gold leaf.



Brilliance and matching lipstick in dressingtable combination at \$.85.* Individually, polish is \$.25,* lipstick, \$.49.*

Matchabelli's Easter Bonnet box holds miniatures of

Stradivari and Easter Lily, at \$3.* The little hat boxes are so appealing, the perfume so precious, that girls would be wise to think now of who is having a birthday in the future and do a little stocking up for the happy events.

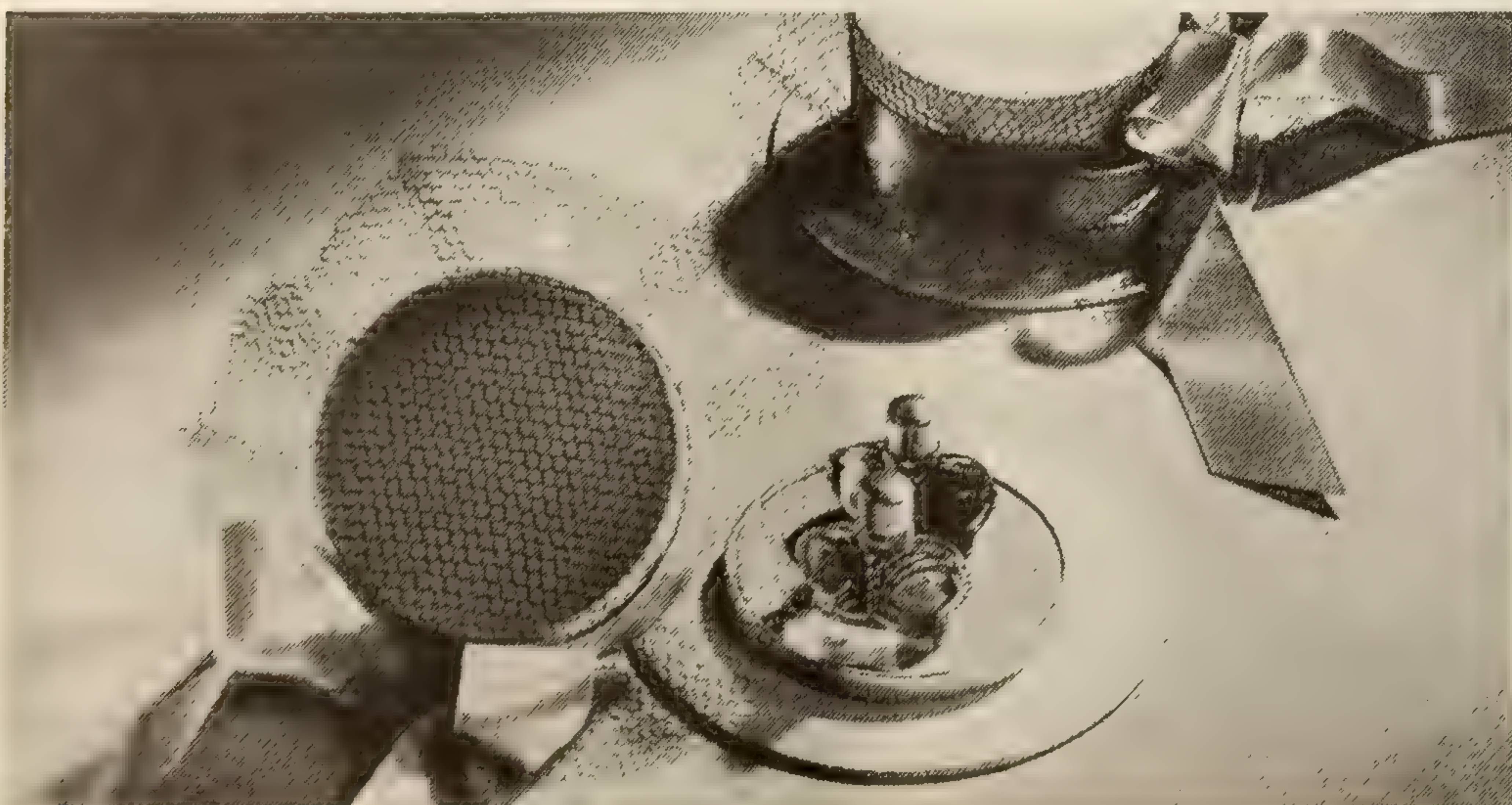
C. M.

*Plus 20% Federal tax.



Star Bright finger and lip adornment is in answer to the wish for more sparkle.

The Matchabelli Easter Bonnet box with two perfumes is styled in Directoire trend!



and clothes. The basic foundation of a woman's character can't be changed—but it can always be improved upon.

I know I mentioned a wife's appearance at the beginning of this article, and call it "old hat" if you want, but I can't help stressing it. I can't see any reason for a wife's neglect of her own appearance in her home. Pin curls, for example, are about the most unglamorous thing in the world. If she does her own hair, she can still put a bandana or turban on her head in such an attractive way that at least the hair in front is curled and neat looking. Bandanas, too, can be made to look very appealing. Even if the wife is an inveterate blue-jeans-and-old-shirt wearer, she can still look attractive. A woman forgets—once she's married—that a man during his daily business hours sees plenty of pretty girls and he wants his wife to look equally attractive. The "other woman" is like the girl who is being dated—she never will appear untidy before a man, so why should a wife be any different?

Oh, I can hear many girls saying, "Oh, great! Listen to Lupino. She's a movie star with maids 'n' everything. She can talk about being attractive because she doesn't have to do anything all day but primp." Well, that's where the girls are wrong. It just happens I haven't a maid. When I'm working, I get up around 5:45 a. m. and am at the studio all day. I come home dead on my feet at 7 p. m., yet I manage to get my face washed and climb into something nice for Collie to see when he comes home. And also, when we were fixing our house, he and I painted the place inside and out ourselves. We started at six in the morning and worked all day. When he had to be at the studio, I went right ahead with the job. We didn't even have a stick of furniture at the time. Yet, when he came home, I had set up a card table in the dining room, I had romantic music on the phonograph, and I had arranged a few weeds as glamorously as possible on the table. And, yes, I had candlelight, too. In addition to which I had dressed my hair and taken time to don something feminine and frilly. Certainly it took extra effort—but the appreciation in Collie's eyes made it mighty worthwhile.

That all reduces to one thing—a wife must remain an exciting woman to her husband. And if any wife says, "Why try—there's nothing exciting about me now!" she's wrong. There must have been or her husband wouldn't have fallen in love with her in the first place.

Now, I admit Collie and I have been married not quite a year, that we're in the first full flush of married life. But we've had our trials already. They're part of marriage. For one thing, we seldom get a chance to see each other. He leaves the house around eight-thirty in the morning and doesn't get home until about seven or eight at night. One of the principal reasons I accepted the part in "Greed" at Columbia was because I thought I could at least have lunch with Collie since that is his studio. So what happened? Most of the picture was made in Arizona and out at the Columbia ranch—and I never saw him once during production at the studio. We're taking care of that situation now,

though. We plan to go to Europe in a few months when "Not Wanted," my first picture as a producer for Emerald Productions, Film Classics release, is finished, just to be together. Not all couples can take ambitious trips to Europe, but they can find an acceptable substitute if they take the time to give the matter some thought.

I think any wife, if she wants to remain interesting to her husband, is foolish to nag. That is simply being dominating and robs a man of his masculinity or puts him on the defensive. The "other woman" would never resort to that. Instead she would be utterly feminine. She might even become the helpless female—and it doesn't hurt any wife to be just a little helpless. No matter what they say, men like helpless females. It gives them added strength. Not that I approve of the clinging vine approach. I loathe it. But to make a man feel your need of him isn't such a bad idea. Women forget that a man's ego can be beaten down faster than can a woman's—much faster. And when that happens, what have you?

I also think that a wife shouldn't forget that in the courting days she laughed at every funny thing her man said. Once she has put the Mrs. in front of her name, though, she seems diabolically determined to let his jokes fall with a dull thud. Some wives forget to be good listeners any of the time. They want to do all the talking. Every man likes to have his ego inflated—and what better way is there than to appreciate his sense of humor, even if you have heard the same gags over and over again?

Another danger time in the ego department is when children arrive. I grant you I have no children yet, but I have friends who have, and I've been able to



Co-stars Jack Carson and Doris Day on the set of "My Dream Is Yours."

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observe that there is a serious problem here. Many women forget the husband—or push him into the background—when a child is born. I don't believe in this because a man must never be pushed out of a woman's immediate interest. I know it's a trying time for a woman. She is up all night, she's nervous with her new responsibilities, but she has to learn to control all that and still remain a sweetheart and a wife. Every rule I've thought of about marriage up to this point is even more important now. When the child arrives is the time when a marriage must be hung on to more tenaciously than ever. I know it takes work. Yet, my own mother succeeded very well in this respect. She took care of my sister, Rita, and me in the morning, always got father's lunch at noon, went to the theatre and performed two shows in the afternoon, came home to look after us when she finished working, prepared dinner, put Rita and me to bed, and then went back to the theatre. But she never for a moment neglected my father—and she didn't neglect herself. She remained as glamorous as ever. It can be done—if a woman wants her marriage badly enough.

Another common trait among some wives that I have no use for is the habit of complaining about what a hard day they have had or how ill they feel. A woman who has "complaining-itis" is sounding the death knell to her happy marriage. Men have been known to stray from the fireside just for the want of

hearing something happy and cheerful said for a change. There is no quicker way to get a marriage into a dangerous rut than by complaining about the very things that are your job in that marriage.

Which brings me to my last point—and perhaps the most important. To keep a husband interested in you, take a hint from the "other woman" and let him know once in a while that you want to be alone with him. Why not say, "Let's see no one tonight and just be alone?" In other words, what's wrong with having a date together by the fire in your own living room? Collie and I tried that recently. We had four invitations for one Saturday night and we refused them all. We sat down in front of the fire and just talked for a while. We had gone to the ballet the night before, so after a while he asked me to show him how to do some of the "lifts" we had seen. So I did. You should have seen me cavorting about with Collie lifting me up on cue! It was a wonderful evening of fun.

That's the basis of Collie's and my life together. To have fun. He's a man who loves laughter. He's sympathetic to anyone in trouble, but he can't tolerate—and neither can I—anyone's bringing his moods into our house. He turns pale then and becomes very nervous. We want to keep life on as cheery a plane as possible.

That's the only plan we have for our future—to keep our marriage fun, to keep its success from being taken for granted. It's the best way I know of to avoid the entrance of the "other woman."

Leading Ladies I've Known

Continued from page 29

many of them, but there wasn't one who didn't consider herself secondary to the film as a whole.

In that particular department, perhaps the most outstanding example is a gal from Sweden of whom you may have heard; a gal named Bergman.

Our first picture together was "For Whom The Bell Tolls." It was, as you may remember, a rugged sort of film, shot under rugged conditions. Ingrid came through beautifully, as we had known she would.

I had met her at a dinner party several years before we worked together. She had not been in this country long then, and impressed me at once by being one of the most truly shy women I had ever encountered. Hollywood seemed to overwhelm her. And her clean, healthy good looks stood out from the crowd around that table like a beacon. She, if the truth be known, overwhelmed us movieites as much as we did her.

When we heard at last that she was going to play *Maria* in "Bell," we were all delighted. Hemingway himself had said she was the girl he had in mind when he wrote the book, you see. And Sam Wood and I felt she was eminently right for the part, above all other actresses in Hollywood. So we waited for her in our mountain location impatiently.

She arrived with her hair as short as any beaver that ever lived. The characterization called for that bob, of course, but we were still surprised. We had thought that any women, no matter who, would—well, would chisel a little, not go as far as Hemingway's description of *Maria's* looks. But Bergman had done it. She was *Maria*.

She was almost humble about the role. She was more eyes and ears than anything else. She had great enthusiasm for the part and the story, but she put herself in a subsidiary position to it.

She always does that, no matter what the part. The *production* is more important than she is.

And, in some uncanny way, despite her hair and her mannish costume of pants and an old shirt, she managed to look feminine, both on and off the screen. With no makeup and roughing it in the mountains, she was as much a lady as she would have been in her own living room.

Playing scenes with Bergman is a joy. For she is never mechanical. She thinks as she acts. She meets you halfway, makes you feel that you are actually *living* the scene, that it is something which is actually happening.

That's rare. Few actresses can do it.

I think of two others who can, Helen Hayes, with whom I made "A Farewell To Arms," and Patricia Neal, who recently finished "The Fountainhead" with me.

Patricia is like Bergman in many ways, yet also entirely individual. Like Ingrid, she is tall, intensely serious about her work, wholly sincere. But she has other



Cyd Charisse with her husband, Tony Martin, during recent visit to Gotham.

qualities exquisitely her own.

I don't think that any other actress in the world could have done as great a job in "Fountainhead" as she did. That's a broad statement, I know, but it happens to be true.

The role, you know, is not the kind that comes up every day or even every year. It is a role which borders on the neurotic, which has scenes of great passion in it, great violence. It could easily be made ridiculous. It wasn't—in Patricia's hands. Instead, she made it superb and believable.

It was the second role she had had in pictures and, frankly, the studio was a bit dubious about entrusting her with it. She had had a fine stage background, of course, but she was very young, too. The bosses were doubtful whether or not she had the technical skill to carry it off.

I had never seen her on the screen until they ran one of her tests for me at Warners. Part of the footage, to be honest about it, was no good at all. But there was one scene in which she was terrific, in which she showed definitely what she was capable of doing. She won the role on that one scene.

She was scared of the part, naturally. You get scared of any role that's good. I do, anyway. I feel all my inadequacies staring me in the face and begin to wonder. But, after only a few days' work, Patricia was hitting her scenes dead center. She was showing us all that she both knew the character and understood her thoroughly. And she was thinking, thinking hard, in every sequence she played. The result, as I think you will agree, is magnificent. And Patricia Neal is a new star with whom to reckon.

We had fun on that set, of course, as we do on most sets. It was such an emotional story, you see, that if we hadn't relaxed between shots we would have gone crazy.

I'm not exactly against kidding in any form, I might add, and when a gal who's in a picture with me has a sense of humor it charms me right down to the ground

Two girls immediately come to mind in this category, Annie Sheridan, whose dialogue is bawdily wonderful, and the late Carole Lombard.

Lombard was more laughs than anyone I've ever met. That's been said before, I know. When we made "The Man From Wyoming" together, I found it was true.

She was utterly lovely, of course. Somehow, her face was almost unbelievable. And the first time I saw her cut loose she surprised me so that I nearly fell over.

We were on location out in the Valley. The shooting had been rather uneventful. It remained so until Carole blew a line.

She stopped cold. She took a deep breath. She jumped what looked like ten feet into the air. And as she jumped she yelled in a voice you could have heard for a block, "Oh, HELL!"

Eight electricians and I rolled on the ground.

In direct contrast to Carole was Shirley Temple. She was exactly seven when we made "Now And Forever" together at Paramount. It was her second film.

I hope all the other child stars will forgive me when I say that I don't believe any other widget has ever had the talent Shirley had as a kid. From my standpoint, she was incredible.

My point of view went farther than the mere fact that she was cute, you see. I had to *work* with her. And I must confess that originally the prospect did not make me exactly blissful.

But Shirley, even then, had dignity. She, too, was "show business," though in her case the quality had not come from experience. She had been born that way.

Even then, she picked up her cues like a veteran. She took direction the first time it was given. She "got" the scene as fast as any adult. And I got the education of my life!

Laraine Day is like that, too. We made "The Story Of Dr. Wassell" together for Mr. DeMille, as you may remember. And I found her to be completely swell.

She had a challenge in that picture: She was to play a nurse, a creature of great efficiency, yet, at the same time, she was also to be a woman, a warm and appealing personality. That's tough to do, for if you go too far in one direction you make the other side unbelievable, and vice versa. Laraine steered through the middle, perfectly.

I have a story I want to tell her the next time I see her.

One day when we were between shots on "Dr. Wassell," I asked Laraine where she came from. I knew it was somewhere in Utah, but I didn't know the exact spot.

"Roosevelt," she answered. "Don't worry, you'll never go there. It's the smallest town in the state!"

Well, a year ago, I was on my way by car from Sun Valley to Aspen, where I own some ranch land. And, suddenly, I saw a sign in the middle of nowhere. There before me stood a little dust-blown town—named "Roosevelt."

I stopped at a gas station.

"Isn't this where Laraine Day comes from?" I asked.



Ann Blyth of "Red Canyon" with Eenie, Meenie, Minie and Moe, cute toy poodles.

The man looked up proudly from the back of my car.

"It sure is!" he said. "Her aunt and uncle live right over there," he added, pointing.

A few miles farther, I came to another town. I stopped again.

"Doesn't Laraine Day come from around here somewhere?" I asked a lady who ran an antique shop.

"She certainly does!" the woman answered. "Her cousins live in that house down the block."

I didn't dare stop for the third time. Either everyone in Utah wants to claim Laraine, or she has more relatives than anyone who ever lived!

There have been many other gals I like to remember working with. Stanwyck, for instance, who's fun and businesslike at the same time. Colbert, whom I first met when we made a complete stinker together years ago in New York. (We have a wordless pact never to mention that film by name.) Bankhead, an interesting, vital person with whom I hope I never have a verbal argument. (I'd lose.)

And there was little Joan Leslie, who played my young sweetheart in "Sergeant York."

Joan was fifteen at the time and had never done anything in pictures before. Yet I felt—and still do feel—that she was one of the most brilliant actresses I've ever met. She had a natural gift for the theatre. She had enormous possibilities.

Joan's career has been confused recently because of her legal fight for freedom. I sincerely hope that she gets herself untangled soon, for I feel that she could be truly great.

There is one woman I have not worked with in the past whom I hope will be playing opposite me in the future. She is, of course, one of the screen's immortals, still as beautiful today as she was when she first came into pictures.

I speak of Garbo. If she ever decides to make another film, I hope I'm somewhere in the vicinity.

For, up to now, the only thing I've played with her is tennis.

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Continued from page 35



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as pretty as a picture—and steeped in garlic.

"The stuff is ruled out at our house—Betty, my wife, is opposed to it. In 'Laredo,' which, by the way, is a honey of a picture, my very pleasant love scenes with Mona Freeman were done at the studio and sans you-know-what. Believe it or not, the script called for candy-eating during those scenes—garlic-proof!

"The outdoor shots," he went on, "were filmed mostly at Gallup, New Mexico. No love scenes there and we could—and did—eat anything we chose. Bill Holden and I did some tricky cooking with a portable barbecue and when Betty heard about the dreamy food, she began a campaign that ended with my buying one for the Carey Actor's Home." More anon about cooking and Carey vs. peanut butter. . . .

Mac raved about a Mexican actor—well-known south of the border—named Alfonso Bedoya, who plays *Charley Calico*, a bandit, in "Laredo."

"The guy's terrific," said Mac, the one actor who praises other actors. "This, incidentally, was my first assignment as a film-heavy and I was crazy about it.

"The moustache I wear as *Lorn* is a beauty—bushier than the one I'm behind now. The reason I'm still wearing one is that it pleases my wife. As *Caesar Borgia* in 'Bride Of Vengeance,' my own moustache is fancy, turns down, but the attendant beard is a fake—that I would not grow. Regarding hirsute adornments, June Havoc once told me that she made her husband (*Bill Spier*) wear a beard because, to her way of thinking, it does things for a man."

Mac feels that acting as a rotter, stinker, cad or dastard is considerably more fun than playing a well-scrubbed hero, also that it may do more for him, professionally speaking. He noted that a similar behavior pattern had done wonders for Victor Mature and Richard Widmark, both now concentrating on screen-punks.

"Vic Mature once defined a cad," said Mac, "as a guy who has sex appeal and doesn't give a hoot about anything—a setup that women seem to admire. I personally am opposed to indiscriminate killing and the cads I am in 'Laredo' and the *Borgia* number aren't much given to casual butchering.

"As a matter of fact, in the *Borgia* opus, my sister—played by Paulette Goddard—does most of my poisoning for me, I only snuff out one lone character. In 'Laredo,' I kill several, but I'm very amiable in the process. And, finally, Mona drops me with a bullet just as I start to polish off the guy who's come betwixt us. She's protecting him, of course, because I'm such a terrific guy with a six-shooter and he hasn't a chance. She's very fair that way, a sentiment that appeals to me as long as it's only a movie character who's doing the dying."

Like everyone else, Mac hates to be kept waiting. It's one fault possessed

by a majority of people.

"My wife says that I move slowly," he admits, "but, even so, I'm pretty prompt. My work in radio got me accustomed to gauging time down to seconds. Thanks to being able to figure that way and since I'm only a half hour away from the studio, have a tan and don't need makeup, I don't have to leave the house before 8:20 and, even so, I can be dressed and on the set by 9:00.

"That the movie business may keep us waiting, is a matter of no consequence. Waiting was something we got used to in the Marines, anyway (*Mac was a lieutenant*). It was the old war story—wait for food, wait for orders, wait. . . ."

Our man confesses that he's bad about letter-writing, despite his personal knowledge of what a letter can accomplish.

"A note," he says, "did the trick when it came to persuading Betty that she'd be the happiest woman in the world if she became Mrs. C. In that letter I analyzed our situation, made an appeal to reason and she was swept off her feet by its overwhelming eloquence—in fact, she accepted me, just as she had decided to, months previous to my devastating missive."

Mac can cite an instance from his background that will illustrate the tiny tricks fate springs on people.

"I'd done a lot of acting in college," he says, "and I was also working for my master's degree, but an offer from a professional Shakespearian stock company was too good to pass up. I became an actor.

"I was engaged as a juvenile, one of the reasons I was willing to quit college. But it seems that there were two directors and each had hired a juvenile and who'd want two of those things? And the other one had been acquired before I was and, besides, he was younger and prettier.

"To me," he went on, "it seemed like a lousy break! I'd burned my academic bridges behind me in order to be a juvenile and I wasn't. So—I became a character man and, if I do say so, a darned good one.

"Instead of appearing as a pretty dude, I waddled about as *Friar Lawrence* and grabbed off a handful of applause. I played *Brutus* to *Julius Caesar* and found it a fat part. I worked every day and drew a cash salary that the management admitted I'd earned honestly. Also, I learned plenty about acting even as I discovered that what had looked like a kick in the pants was actually a boost up the ladder!"

On his list of small irritations go the people who forget to say thanks, the late arrivals and the coughing audience at the theatre and, worst of all, the lugs who don't try to remember your name.

Mac spoke of one annoyance that movie people might rank as either a major or a minor one—namely, set visitors.

"The public knows how movies are

made," he said, "they're even on to the tricks, such as process shots, and there's no worry about de-glamourizing the stars. It's merely that an actor—working at his only trade—can't let go completely if he's being eyed by a gaping group.

"I have a phobia about another detail of living, and it has to do with the gentle art of listening—most people don't. For a fact, I don't object to people who talk your head off if they're amusing, and, for that matter, a garrulous guy can also be a perfect listener. One of the hardest things an actor has to learn is how to listen intelligently."

The Hollywood grind—and the ditto life—provides many little tidbits, Mac says, that affect the people who live there. It's hard to maintain a circle of friends, principally because of the type of work and the tough hours involved.

"Most actors live a long way from their studios," Mac pointed out, "and so they have to get up early to be there in time for makeup and so on. The ladies, heaven help 'em, sometimes have to roll out of bed at 4:30 (for a fancy hairdo). Actors labor all day and wait endless hours while cameras and lights are being set up and look at rushes at 6:00 p.m. Then they straggle home at 7:30 at night, try to eat, and settle down to—learning the next day's lines. Possibly stealing a moment to read a magazine piece about themselves, something titled, 'The Gay Life Of Suzy Burke,' wondering—half asleep—who this gay person is.

"Besides that, there's the matter of looking well. Now mind you, I don't mean looking rosy-pink or *sans* lines. I'm talking about *eyes*. Few people are aware of the camera's overweening fondness for a wide-open eye and its uncanny ability to pick up what's in an eye. Naturally, a sleepy, droopy-eyed actor looks but lousy on the screen. Look at the eyes of your pet star next time you're at the Bijou. . . ."

Another of the small nuisances of Hollywood life is its lack of privacy. Mac is not an I-want-to-be-alone type and he drools with joy when a pack of autograph hounds starts baying on his trail.

"But," he insists, "actors do enjoy a chance to take in things—not in the sense of attending, but rather in the way of absorption. They're too often in the position of putting out, too rarely get a chance to quietly take in things so they'll have more than shop talk up their sleeves.

"I mean, specifically, a chance to read a book; to have a few friends in for a quiet evening; to enjoy good conversation instead of the prattle attendant on an over-sized dinner party or a cocktail party peopled with more photographers than guests.

"Instead, the customary thing is the 'Ice Follies' opening and picture of you and cute skaters. Or a movie premiere with cameraman perched on your knee to better snap oblivious-you looking obviously startled by the flash. I'm not even hinting at the ancient incognito gag, this is merely a campaign for a chance to maintain a decent balance. People must have time to re-charge themselves if they're to be at all interesting to others."

Mac paused, looked a bit embarrassed

and said that the above honest tirade probably made him out an introvert, which he isn't, altogether. Especially in view of the fact that, unlike so many movie males, he's keen about dancing and is reported to be a tolerable dancer.

"When I do get a chance to crack a book," he said, "I read most everything in sight—metaphysics, essayists, satirists, books on the theatre and art. I wasn't bowled over by the 'Kinsey Report' and a book jacket displaying a bosomy heroine is not for mine.

"Sports certainly are a means to a broader outlook, no specific reference intended towards riding, something I've been doing a lot of, lately, in the fillums. Tennis I'm fairly good at, golf I gave up as a kid when my twin brothers, four years younger than I, used to go around in the 70's while I stayed with the 80's. They won tournaments with ease and with my father (*a golf champ*)—no wonder I quit. I took fencing lessons once for poise and exercise and I've been able to use some of that in the *Borgia* movie. I suppose these are all unimportant matters in a person's life, but it would seem as though they contributed a great deal to the sum total. . . ."

Watching the self-confident, debonair Macdonald Carey making love to Paulette, Mona, *et al*, on the silver screen, you'd find it hard to believe that there was a man who once lived exclusively on peanut butter.

"At one point, back there," he says, "I quit Chicago and much radio work, to make my name on the New York stage. I'd saved \$150, which I didn't really need inasmuch as I had been promised a role in a play. Naturally, the play deal fell through, leaving only sporadic radio jobs. Meanwhile, I had to eat, even liked to eat, and New York's enormous variety of food fascinated me—I ate at a different restaurant every night. Before long, of course, the \$150 was gone and only peanut butter was left—three times a day.

"Years later, my wife discovered peanut butter. She wasn't much of a cook at first and I pretended that I was ignorant of the art—*me*, Carey, the man with a rep at Iowa U for dee-veen macaroni salad! So Betty fell back on you-know-what, even often disguised it in her cooking attempts and darned if I didn't get to like the stuff again, after I'd sworn never again."

Betty has since become a marvelous cook, he adds, specializing in souffles that don't fall, hollandaise that doesn't curdle and dee-veen peanut-butter surprises.

The Careys rate bridge as too small an item to be included on their list. They're poker players, with the likes of Bob Preston, Glenn Langan, Bill Holden and John Hodiak in on their games.

"I've noticed that when women play," said Mac, "less money is wagered. Most men, I'd say, lose less but bet more. Few women, and I'm risking my neck by saying this, play scientific poker."

Speaking of annoyances, small-size, Mac turned on women's hats—he doesn't like them.

"I prefer shawls on women's heads," he said, describing them with his hands and managing to look like Macdonald Carey

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and not a girl in a shawl. "They can be darned nice—the shawls, I mean—and they lend a cowl-like effect, and I did say *cowl*. But I'll still hold out for the theory that woman's crowning glory is her hair, unmarred by a felt-monstrosity.

"Career women," he said, adding that he was aware that, for pure danger, his pronouncements on poker and hats were as nothing compared to this red-hot subject, "are quite a problem.

"Nowadays it's a question as to whether a man should open the door for a lady or whether she should open it for him. *La politesse* is presumably a man's province, but if women are his competitors and equals, well? If there's any talk of failing manhood, it's a woman-made thing.

"Nature, however, has a way of dictat-

ing to all of us and children do need care and supervision. Even so, some women shirk their obligations in their feverish anxiety to carve out a career.

"Betty and I are in complete agreement on this. We feel that where two people are in the same profession (*Betty was a radio actress*), it's better if one of them becomes inactive. It's usually only satisfactory for husband and wife to both work when they're in entirely different fields.

"I fully appreciate the sacrifice that Betty has made in our case," Mac said. "So does our two-year-old daughter, Lynne Catherine. And so, too—I'm sure—will the one we're expecting."

In this particular case, it's not the little things that count, it's a little Carey who's being counted on. . . .

Still In Stride

Continued from page 49

first lieutenant on the field.

On one side, he has put the War out of his mind and he wants it that way. When you ask him to tell you the one bit of bravery which won him his Congressional Medal, he stops, thinks, and finally looks up grinning.

"I just can't remember," he says. "Honest."

However, on another side, he knows that the War is still very much with him and always will be. He says now that it is difficult for him to become interested in kids his own age, kids who weren't in the service, that is. He just cannot get excited about hot rods and juke boxes; he's seen a few other things. He also says that, both because of the War and his own particular background, he can't remember ever feeling really young.

We asked him, in view of that fact, how come he and Wanda Hendrix, now a lovely twenty, made sense. By the time you read this, Miss Hendrix certainly will be "Mrs. Murphy." And we personally can't think of a better idea.

"Wanda's unusual for her age," Audie answered, soberly. "She's very kind—that's what I admire most in her. And she's considerate and understanding. Too, she's 'show business,' and that makes her more adult than most girls of twenty.

"If it hadn't been for Wanda, I would never have stayed in this town," he adds. "If nothing else ever happens to me in Hollywood, I'll always bless the place for bringing us together."

Audie is speaking now of the few years just after the War. They were, even for him, confusing.

When the Germans were finally defeated and the Japs gave up, you see, he had some hopes of becoming a professional soldier. This was nothing new: from childhood, he had thought of West Point as the nearest approach to Heaven.

With the aid of some top brass, who acted as sponsors, Audie was allowed to try for the Point when his active service drew to a close. Scholastically, he was all right. But physically he got the axe. For he had been wounded three times overseas, and one of the shells that caught

him managed to carve away most of his right hip. For normal life, he was O.K. For the rigors of West Point—well, the Army shook its head.

After that, Audie didn't know what to do.

Then his picture appeared on the cover of a national magazine, as the "most decorated soldier in the armed forces." It was seen by everyone in Hollywood, of course, and particularly by Jimmy Cagney. Audie began to get phone calls and wires from producers and such, all of which he turned down. Cagney was one of these, but he would not take No for an answer.

"How do you know you can't act?" Cagney said, with logic. "You never tried."

The result was that Audie agreed to come out for six months and see what the score was. He stayed at Cagney's house, learned much from him, personally and professionally. But, unfortunately, Jimmy had no picture to put him in immediately. Thus it was decided, finally, that young Mr. Murphy could do better on his own, without strings.

Then followed the lowest period of all. Audie was, like many another veteran, broke. He knew he'd be all right in the future: He was writing a book, "To Hell And Back," which was to be published in the Spring of 1949. He knew, too, that he could probably get some kind of a job. But the book came first, and while he was writing it there was no dough.

Audie would like special mention here of the fact that there was one man in Hollywood, at least, who gave him something more than pretty words at this time. He was Terry Hunt, who runs Hollywood's best athletic establishment. And he not only loaned Audie a place to sleep but slipped him a ten-spot or so when the going got rough. Audie says that he'll never forget him.

Mr. Murphy almost gave the town the go-by at this point, of course, and would have, had it not been for Wanda Hendrix. Somehow, she kept him in California.

And then things began to break again.

The book was finished. Paul Short, a truly sensitive producer, approached Audie to make a film. David Selznick also decided that he was screen material. He gave Audie a test but nothing ever happened. Short, however, has just finished "Bad Boy" with him. And, yes, Audie plays the title role.

"I'm really awful in the picture," he says now, his blue eyes twinkling. "I rob somebody. I fight. I ride a horse to death. I do a few other things. You see, the story is based on the ranches set up by The Variety Clubs across the country, ranches something like 'Boys Town.' I'm supposed to be one of the kids who's picked up with the beginnings of a police record and sent to one of them—so I do everything the Johnston Office will allow!"

He was lucky in the people he had to work with in the film, for Short wisely chose the most distinguished screen veterans he could find as support to his star: Lloyd Nolan, Jimmy Gleason and Jane Wyatt.

"They were wonderful!" Audie says. "I just couldn't be scared with them around."

What does he want out of life now?

Well, first, he and Wanda hope for the privacy to live normally. They already have planned a family. He's already taught her to shoot and is very proud of her prowess. And he hopes that, now married, they will be allowed to exist as they want to, as other young couples can.

Second, he'd like to keep on writing. Working on his book, he discovered that writing was one way of expressing himself without, as he puts it, "being overbearing." He's struggling now with a

novel-length piece of fiction about a returned veteran. He'd like it to be good enough to print.

Third, he'd like to make a success in pictures. Not for the money, no.

"Money doesn't mean anything to me," he says, honestly. "I actually never know how much I have in my pockets. But, if success in pictures means being able to do a good job and be happy, then I want it."

The publicity man smiles a little as Audie makes this statement. Things are getting back to the usual groove.

Then the money-wrench is thrown again.

"But, if after two or three films I don't think I'm any good," Mr. Murphy adds, positively, "then I'll get out. I can always go back to farming in Texas. I don't think I'll starve."

While the press agent goes down for the third time, you look at the guy who said that. You decide that it was not in any way an accident that he came home from the War with a chestful of medals. For he's not the flamboyant kind of hero, not the kind who dashes into gunfire just to show off. Instead, he's almost shy, almost timid. What he does, and what he has done, come, you decide, from another sort of courage, the kind which knows the unbalance of the odds and meets them anyway. Audie Murphy is a greater hero than most, you know suddenly, for he has felt fear and he has faced death in spite of it.

It's small wonder that to him Hollywood is not of all-consuming consequence. Yet, we cannot help hoping that he makes a great and lasting mark on the town.

For, between the two of us, the town is lucky to have him around.

Eyes On New Horizons

Continued from page 16

must be subtle and blend the color perfectly or you will look too theatrical. Shadow color should either complement or contrast with the eye color. Sometimes lovely effects are achieved by color with careful blending to make a special mauve or blue or green.

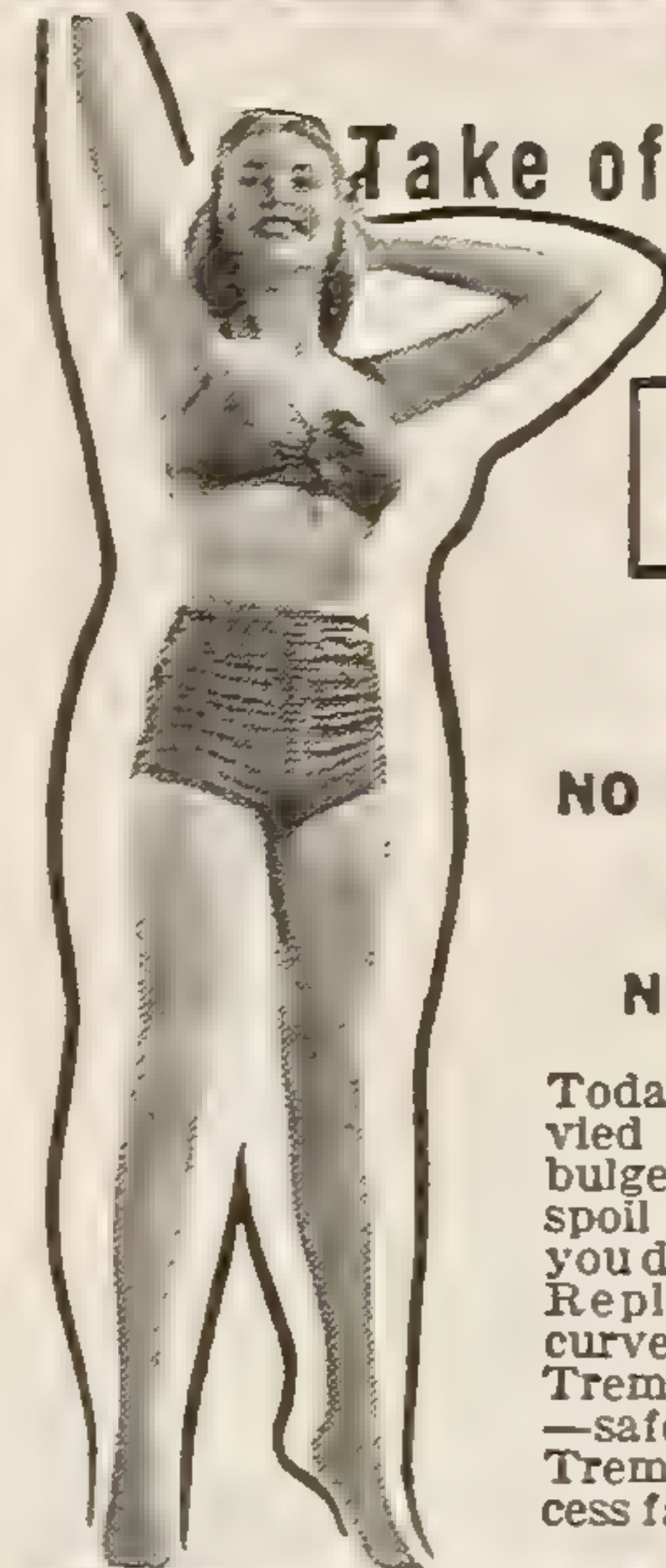
Now comes mascara to frame your eyes, to increase size, clarify and color. Develop a skilled hand with mascara. You can, with patience and care, and once mastered, the technique is yours for keeps. One general mistake is to get your cake mascara too wet. Another is to take too much mascara on your brush at once, whether cake or creme form. The worst, perhaps, is trying to use a clogged brush. The brush needs cleaning after every use. Brush straight upward from the roots of lashes with a light application of mascara. Let this dry. Then if you need more, go over your lashes again. This also must dry before you use a clean brush to completely separate each lash. Generally, mascara should not be used on lower lashes, but the very blonde, large-eyed, sometimes have a bald look. To correct this, touch center lower lashes lightly with mascara. Since most good

brands are proof against tears, unless you rub your eyes, and against the usual shower, you can use them with confidence. However, for swimming, for really rugged contact with rain, then the creme form may offer even more insurance. By the way, some find that mascara is also a good brow darkener if applied lightly to the hair alone, then brushed into line.

Remove your mascara with cream. Simply close your eyes and smooth cream downward over your lashes, removing with a cleansing tissue. Now you are ready for your thorough skin cleansing.

Most of us never give a second thought to our eyes beyond makeup until we sit in a doctor's office. Then it is often later than we think. Be sure that you do not strain your eyes to see in your work or recreation. Do not let sun shine directly in your eyes for long periods. The answer to that is simple and glamorous—sunglasses! When your eyes feel tired, close them for a few minutes. Cup your palms lightly over them and relax even two minutes in this darkness. Learn to look directly, without staring, at people when you talk. Avoid eye mannerisms

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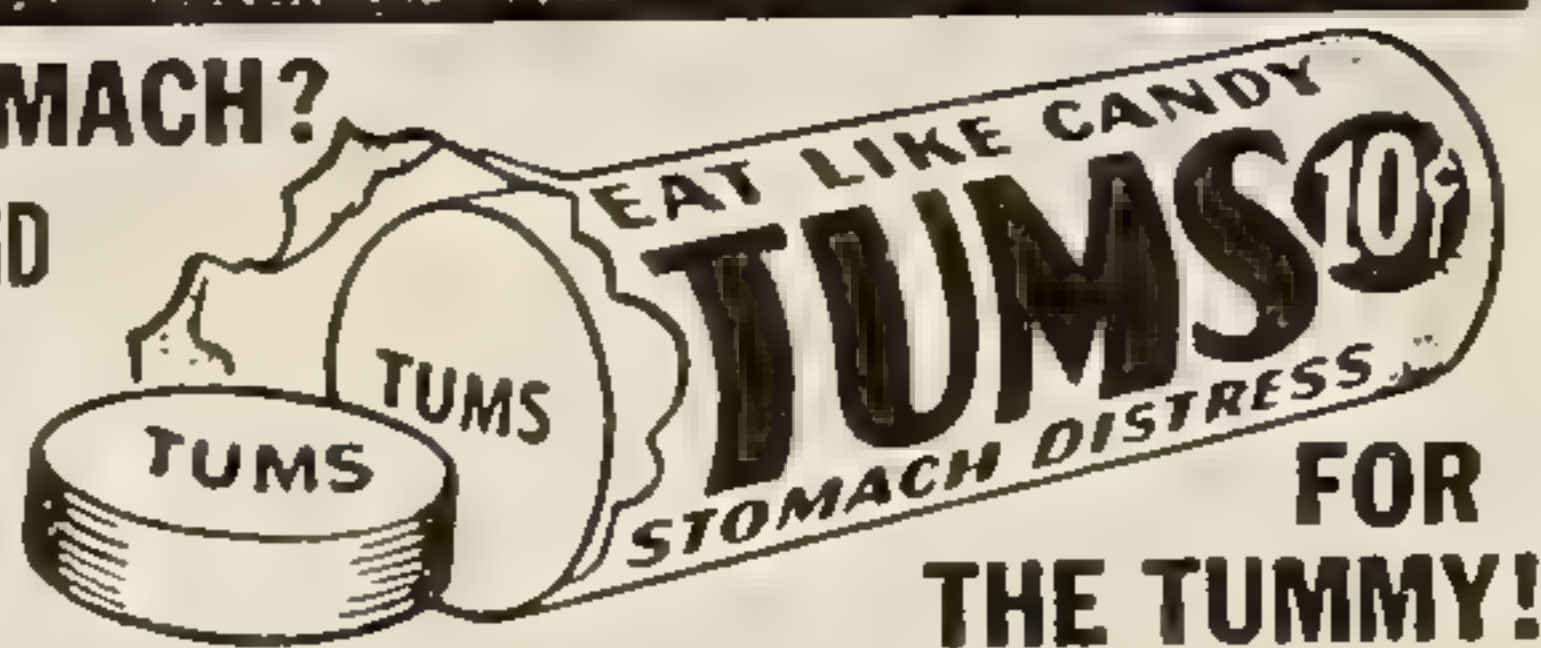
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such as squinting, staring, and narrowing your eyes needlessly. Try to project your warmer, more sincere self through your eyes, since you are bound to project some facet of your personality.

Your hairline can turn to an eye asset. If your eyes are small, keep your hair back from your face. Wear off-face hats or big soft ones that frame your face. Choose your glasses, for permanence or sun only, to give more prominence to your eyes.

If your eyes are very large and definite, then the lower bang or hair for-

ward at the sides will not detract from them. You are the girls that can wear hats that push front forward, providing you do not have a long nose. You are the girls whose eyes take on mystery and beauty behind a veil. But do not choose glasses that enhance eye size, since these may create an "all eyes" effect.

Look always for new horizons in the way of improving the actual physical appearance of your eyes. Look, too, for that light in the mere joy of living, the true and deep secret of eye beauty, regardless of size, shape or color.

Let's Be Practical

Continued from page 47

thing with handbags. Spend all you can on one good leather bag and it will look smarter and wear far better than a cheap bag.

* * *

Put all the money you can into a good foundation garment. Many girls, stars included, are guilty of carelessness about the quality and the fit of this important item. When perfectly fitted they make inexpensive clothes look costly. Unless a girl has a very slender waistline, she should wear a well-fitted, long foundation garment, or one of the new ones that come just above the waistline.

* * *

Where can you save? On formal evening clothes, hats, gloves, blouses, jersey tops, sweaters, lingerie, scarves and the little extra jackets or vests that do so much to enlarge your wardrobe.

* * *

Why invest a fortune in an evening gown that will be hidden away in your closet most of the time? If you want one good formal dress, buy one that is made of fine material and one that can be worn in Summer or Winter. Select some classic style that can be changed with accessories. In "Interference," Elizabeth Scott wears a costly-looking evening gown of cream and silver brocade. It has such simple lines that anyone who knows anything about sewing could cut it from a pattern. You could change it from time to time, with scarves, or shawls, or bolero jackets. I think the stole, like the ballerina dress, is on its way out, but if you wish, you could make one of mousseline and fasten it with a piece of jewelry.

* * *

Have you ever noticed the good lines of some of the simple little hats that stores sell in their budget shops, or what they call their "hat bars?" You should know something about hats in order to discriminate between the cheap and the simple. It would be smart to study the costly high-styled hats shown in some magazines, to learn what is good before you try to save on that item.

* * *

There's no reason why you need to spend a great deal of money on gloves, even if you are one of the unusual girls who doesn't lose them in the theatre. Little fabric gloves are smartly styled now. They are sold in all the delicate neutral tones as well as in the bright solid colors.

And if you want to, you could even dye them yourself to match a scarf or a color note in your hat.

* * *

They don't cost much and they're good . . . the blouses that you can find in the stores now. Of course, some are extremely costly, but if you take the time to shop, you'll find others that are well-made and inexpensive. I think the same is true of the plain little jersey tops and sweater blouses that you need to change the appearance of your one or two good suits.

* * *

The working girl gets a break in the stores now. I think she can find very smart things in the medium price range. The fabric quality has improved and there is more variety. A few years ago, prices were so high and fabrics so inferior that many girls started making their own clothes.

* * *

More and more clothes are being made at home. High school girls take dress-making courses and start with skirts and blouses. Many of them make their evening dresses. Patterns and materials are selling like mad. I have a friend who has two yardage shops in wealthy shopping areas and he says many rich women have established a routine of buying material and taking it to a dressmaker. A good dressmaker, however, still charges too much to make this a practical method for a girl with a small clothes budget.

* * *

Unless you can make it yourself the most practical thing now is to shop carefully for the things you need. If you know how to plan a wardrobe in advance, you can also save money by buying very good things that go on sale at the end of a season and put them away until it's time to wear them. Don't go to sales unless you know how to buy only what you need. Sometimes a sale calls for considerable control or you'll find yourself buying something you can't use. But if you're strong minded, and know you won't become hypnotized by a bargain, you can save money that way.

* * *

As a career girl in "Interference," Lucille Ball's wardrobe was planned almost entirely for office wear and for travel. It's really a collection of suits because they're best for the working girl. Any

one of them is more practical than a strictly tailored suit because, with a change of blouse and accessories, each is good for cocktail or dinner dates.

Any one of these suits could be changed into a dress by wearing, with the skirt, a long torso jersey top. This should match the color of the skirt, and should be worn without a belt if the waistline is slender. A soft bias roll at the neck is good for jewelry, and the sleeves should be three-quarter with slight fullness at the elbow.

Not every woman cares for the suit skirt that is cut pencil slim. The other morning I saw a girl wearing a long, narrow skirt, struggling to make that first long step into a bus. She had to pull and lurch her way in and she expressed her annoyance in no uncertain terms. Lucille Ball's suit skirts are all either the four-

gore type with an almost unnoticeable flare for ease... or they are pleated. We have found that pleated skirts photograph very well because they are so graceful in movement.

Your one good coat would be very practical, cut along the lines of Lucille's flaring great-coat. If you had a coat like this in black broadcloth, lined in black, it could be worn over any type of dress. It would be smart over cocktail dresses or formal evening gowns, if the latter are either very slender or very full.

I have the greatest admiration for the girls who know how to dress well on a small amount of money. It's easy for the wealthy woman to go to a designer of custom made clothes and let him plan a wardrobe for her. I think much more credit is due the girl who must spend wisely and well. She is the smart one!

Linda Unravels The Rumors

Continued from page 36

ity man and the manager was highly impressed with our rumor, presumably feeling that it would bring customers scrambling in to see how Hollywood battles it out in public." Her dark eyes flashed.

Linda hadn't been married three weeks before one columnist printed that she was "expecting." Much shocked, Linda asked for a retraction. "He wouldn't retract it!" she remembered. "He laughed and said he was right! Although time proved him wrong, he hasn't retracted to this day. And I haven't spoken to him since."

Recently, correspondents for magazines and radio commentators have been all but unanimous in announcing that Linda plans to adopt at least five children, in addition to little Charlotte, already in her nursery.

"There's an explanation for that one, I suppose," smiled the star. "In an expansive moment, when I was feeling particularly elated over having found Lola, as we call her, I may have said: 'I'd like to have a dozen children!' but I wasn't serious. I would like to adopt a little boy when Lola is two years old; two years would be a nice space between them. I'd try to get him as a very young baby, because than he'll seem more mine. Lola came to me when she was only a few weeks old. If I can find her a brother half so sweet, I'll be lucky!"

Rumors about Linda and her children are amusing rather than annoying. She reads that she will presently move to her home on a New Mexican ranch where the children will grow up free and untrammelled, living in as near a natural state as possible. If a child shows an interest in anything, he or she will be encouraged to take up that subject; if he or she finds any branch of learning difficult or uninteresting, it will be promptly dropped.

Linda settled into a deep chair.

"Nonsense! The germ of truth in it is that I would love to have them grow up in New Mexico. However, we haven't a ranch there, let alone a house. All we

have is an option on a piece of land. It would be wonderful to build an adobe house designed to fit into that glorious scenery; the inside would be modern, with a studio where I could paint. But all that is in the future.

"If we get such a house on a ranch, the children would live there, when we could be with them. But I have a picture contract that will go on for four-and-a-half years, and I have no intention of giving it up. I love my work.

One reason Linda would like her children to live in New Mexico is that citizens there have never bothered her.

"It's the one place I've found in the United States where they let you live your own life," she said. "People murmur and nudge each other sometimes, when they recognize you, but they never tear your clothes and try to touch you. They don't demand that you stop to sign autographs when it means you'll miss a train or radio show or other engagement. It wouldn't occur to a New Mexican to annoy your child with attention simply because your face was seen on a local theatre screen!"

There's the rumor that Linda has become temperamental; that she has decided she is too important a star to give interviews to any except a favored group.

"Ridiculous!" scoffed Linda. "Even Bernhardt didn't turn down interviews! Temperament is merely infantilism. I'll admit that I have had a few understandings about what I'm asked to do in connection with a picture. I do not do luncheon interviews, because I have exactly an hour at noon and need it to relax and to eat my meal in order to keep well. If I am working in difficult scenes, it is understood that I am not to be asked to do anything outside on that day; let me devote myself to getting what my director wants. I will do everything else in good time."

Then there's that rumor that Linda is going to design her own clothes for her pictures. Linda smiled.

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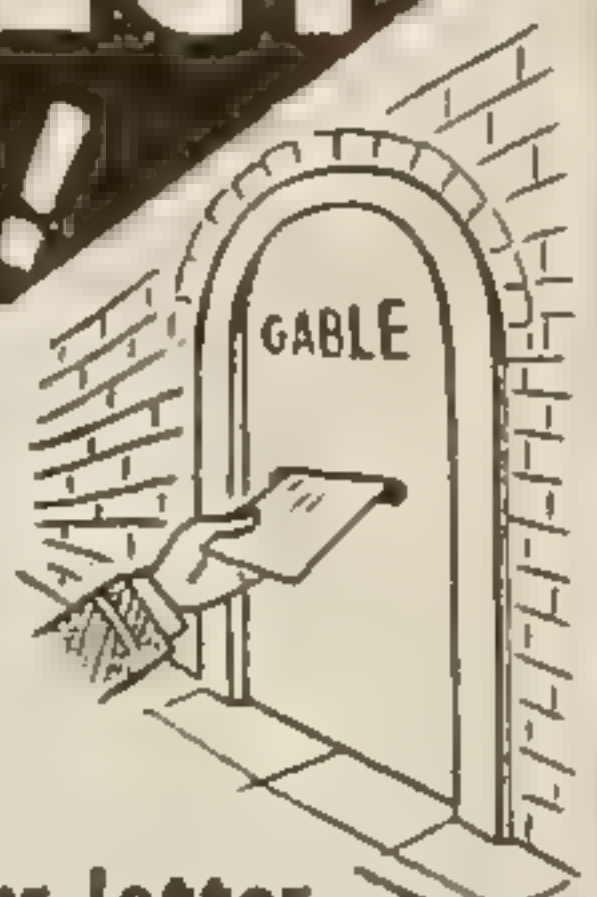
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Two outlandish rumors came over the air waves: the first, that Linda will shortly take off for India to take up the study of Oriental art; the second, that Pev Marley is about to retire to a monastery. It was not stated whether this was a temporary retreat, or whether Pev meant to give up Linda and Lola, forsake Hollywood and the world.

When she could recover her breath, Linda remarked that she had one friend in Cairo, Egypt, and one in India, both of whom have invited her to come out for a visit.

"It's true I'm interested in Indian philosophy, but I can't see myself leaving my work to travel so far, perhaps to sit down with a lama and try to understand a philosophy developed through untold centuries, in, say, three or four days. . . . or do you find lamas in India? . . . I'd love to visit my friends, but that will have to wait for a more convenient season."

Linda could hardly wait to see Pev's face when he hears the rumor about him.

"He's the last man on earth to seek escape from life!"

Weird rumors such as these can be taken in stride, but occasionally the Marleys have had serious misunderstandings because of some item published, or some remark made over the air.

"It's hard to believe that anyone would fabricate such a rumor as one partner to a marriage has 'admitted' that all was not well," said Linda, earnestly. "You read that and cry: 'What on earth did you say to him to make him think that?' and your husband retorts: 'What did I say? What did *you* say? I haven't seen the fellow in a coon's age!' To which you may return: 'How could he say this with no foundation for it?' and so on, and on, into the night.

"You don't know what to do. Should you demand a retraction? Will that draw further attention to the lie? Is it better to have a showdown, or should you ignore the story and hope everyone will forget? You don't know. You worry and worry, no matter what decision you come to. I used to cry, call up and carry

on, but now Pev and I compare rumors and say: 'Well, they're at it again!'

"I was on Louella Parsons' show after I came home from Europe last Summer. Pev came to the studio to listen to us and afterwards took me to dinner and then home. Everything seemed as usual between us. Four days later, Louella telephoned. 'Tell me it isn't true!'

"What isn't true?" I asked, bewildered.

"That you and Pev are parting. I couldn't bear it!"

"Of course, it isn't so. Who said so? What's it all about?"

"Presently, I convinced her that I was on the level, and she did not print her story. I'm glad to have people call and check an item; I know it's their business to present news. The conscientious writer, however, does not publish a story unless he believes it to be true.

"There are correspondents who like to cover themselves both ways; for instance, they will run an item saying that Pev and I are calling it quits; a few days later, they will run another item predicting that nothing will come of our disagreement. Then later on, he can say: 'On such and such a day, I told you the Marleys would stick!' not mentioning how often he had said exactly the opposite.

"This state of affairs is disturbing. The day such a story breaks, no matter what couple it may concern, both are unhappy. You hope some day to be immune, but when you see the item, you are terribly upset. I've known girls who have had some insignificant difference of opinion with their husbands on the day such a story appears. They begin to wonder if their husbands really want to be free.

"I've told home writers that Pev and I would live our lives more happily if only we were let alone, and I think that's true of every married couple in Hollywood.

"Pev and I don't go out to cocktail parties or to big dinner parties. We're not part of cafe society. We have a small circle of friends who enjoy getting together at various homes when we have leisure. None of these people would start rumors about us—so HOW do these rumors arise? We've been married almost six years, and both of us hope our marriage is for life."

Hollywood has several hundred correspondents, whose business it is to write about Hollywood and its stars. Linda would like to make it clear that the vast majority of them make every effort to check their facts. Her remarks above apply only to those guilty of rumor-mongering.

Charming Surprise

Continued from page 41

horns and start this interview, I remarked that I'd heard he hated interviews.

"Well, I'm not crazy about them," he answered with a laugh. "Did you ever hear about my first Hollywood interview? I guess it threw me off for it was a corker. I met this dame in an office and she sat there with the biggest pad, the longest pencil, and 330 of the most per-

sonal questions I have ever been asked. When it was all over, I decided I just wouldn't be able to go through with any more like it. However, you ask me questions and I'll try to answer them if I can."

"I have nothing personal to ask you," I stated at which Richard's face lightened considerably. "Your studio touts you as a very quiet, reserved and shy guy. Are

you what they say?"

"I guess I've always been a little shy," he responded.

This, Widmark fans, is a mild understatement. Richard is not at all happy when interrogated about his personal life and reactions. His answers are always either evasive or extra close-mouthed.

"What about this picture 'Down To The Sea In Ships?' I hear you're a hero."

"Yeah, a couple of scenes are pretty nice. I look halfway human in it. They have the set rigged up to move like a real boat and the trouble is I'm always seasick. I love doing hoodlum roles, but after a couple you get pretty tired of them. In a picture I just finished I'm a nice guy in two scenes. The picture starts off with me trying to con a dame into dropping a billiard ball on the head of a fellow to kill him. Pretty nice guy, huh?"

While Richard hungrily consumed his omelette, Mr. Reid told me that several colleges had formed *Tommy Udo Clubs* and that despite his horrifying portrayals the fan mail from girls proclaimed him 'cute.' Strangely enough, the word is well selected.

During Richard Widmark's sojourn on the New York stage I had seen him play so many young, lover boy roles that I asked him why Hollywood hadn't put this versatility to use.

"Oh, they probably will someday," he replied. "I did a lot of those and would like to do another, but then no one is ever satisfied. The lover boys want to be hoodlums and the hoodlums want to be lover boys. 'Yellow Sky,' which I recently did with Gregory Peck, was a lot of fun. He's a terrific guy with a great sense of humor."

"Do you get a thrill out of being a movie star?"

He gazed at me as if I were one of the seven oddities of the world, and quietly said, "Well, not exactly. It's a nice job, but after you've been around as long as I have, it's not very exciting. That thrill stuff is for kids."

Richard feels after having worked in the three mediums, radio, movies and the stage, that radio is easiest, stage the hardest, and movies the most disconcerting. The lack of continuity in shooting schedules and the long hours throw him off quite a bit.

"It gets dull while you wait around," he remarked, "and then when they call you, you're half asleep. My stage experience makes it easier to work in pictures, but if the acting in movies could only equal the technical perfection, then they really would be terrific!"

Digressing to a more personal tangent for a minute, Richard told me he had moved three times during his stay in Hollywood.

"You know this is a great place for kids," he said, "but finding a house is terrible. At last we're settled in a little house belonging to Claude Rains. The first house we had was sold to us at a sensationally low price but it wasn't until we found it full of rattlesnakes that we knew why. We named it 'Snake Haven'."

"Just how do you go about living this nice life?" I asked. "What do you do?"

In his soft way of talking, Richard

slowly answered, "Well, my wife and I lead a very quiet life. Out here our home is very important to us because there are so few places to go in Hollywood for amusement. We avoid big parties and spend most our time just sitting home looking at movies. All my life I have been a movie fan. I love them all. Even bad ones."

"Our life out here is very different from in the East. We lived in Bronxville and I commuted to New York. It didn't bother me for I just had time to read the papers and I'd be in Grand Central. My wife is a writer, though she used to be an actress."

I interrupted with, "And how do you like working with women?"

"Oh, boy! This is where I get into trouble," he answered. "I hate working with women. They are too tough. Big female stars have all the characteristics men hate in women. They are aggressive, over-eager and too darned independent."

While he paused to take a breath after this world-shaking statement, I asked Richard if his wife were dependent on him.

"Of course she is," he replied. "She is a dependent person, but then any sensitive person is."

"Hollywood is totally different from New York," he continued. "In New York we lived on concerts and here we never go. I used to read all the time, but in Hollywood I never seem to have the time. I guess it's because you live outdoors here."

Richard Widmark has a marvelous casual and relaxed attitude about his sudden rise to movie fame. He obviously thinks it's just fine, but isn't a bit worried about how long it's going to last. This is a very unique attitude in Hollywood for most of the stars are so scared that they never relax for a minute.

"There's no point in getting excited," he claims. "Once in awhile I get all hopped up about something or other, but if it isn't this job, it will be another. Most of the time I just go along calmly."

Throughout luncheon Richard Widmark had impressed me as a most serious and self-possessed young man of 33. He knows exactly where he is going and says he has known since his sophomore year in college.

What of a lighter side? At times he has silly moments and loves to dance though he hasn't in a long time. There aren't any places in Hollywood to suit his tastes. He hates nightclubs because they are brassy and loud, but adores dancing in rooms like the Persian Room of the Plaza or the St. Regis in New York. Quiet, dignified hotels rooms are a drawing card to Mr. Widmark when his feet itch to "trip the light fantastic."

The pet hates Richard indulges in are few and far between. Intense eager beavers head the list and next in line are big people who push little people around.

"You see a lot of them out here," he said. "Making movies is an exaggerated industry, so everyone thinks that they are twice as big as they are."

The other points of information I gleaned from Richard Widmark about himself are quite assorted. He loves to travel and once bicycled through Europe. Switzerland was his favorite country

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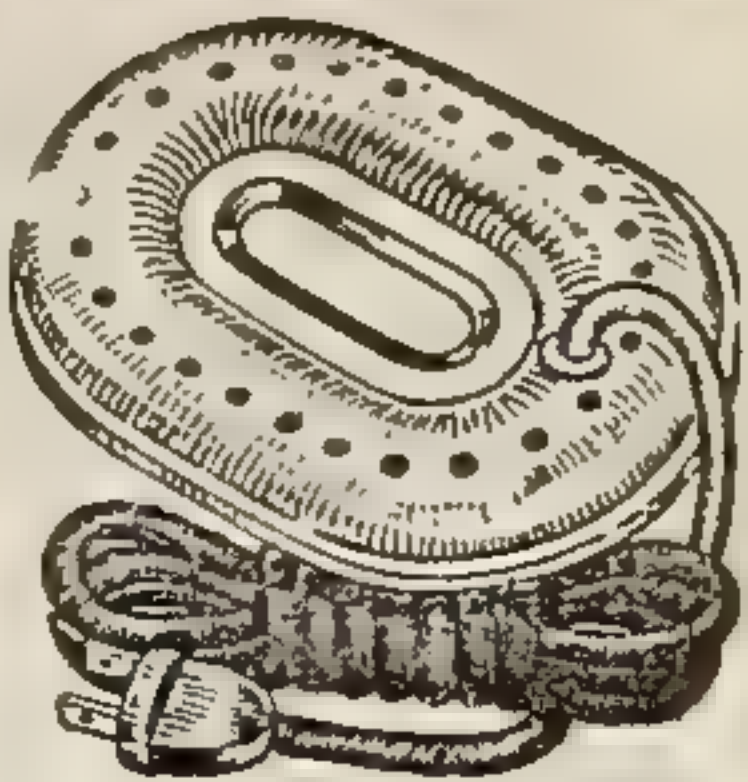
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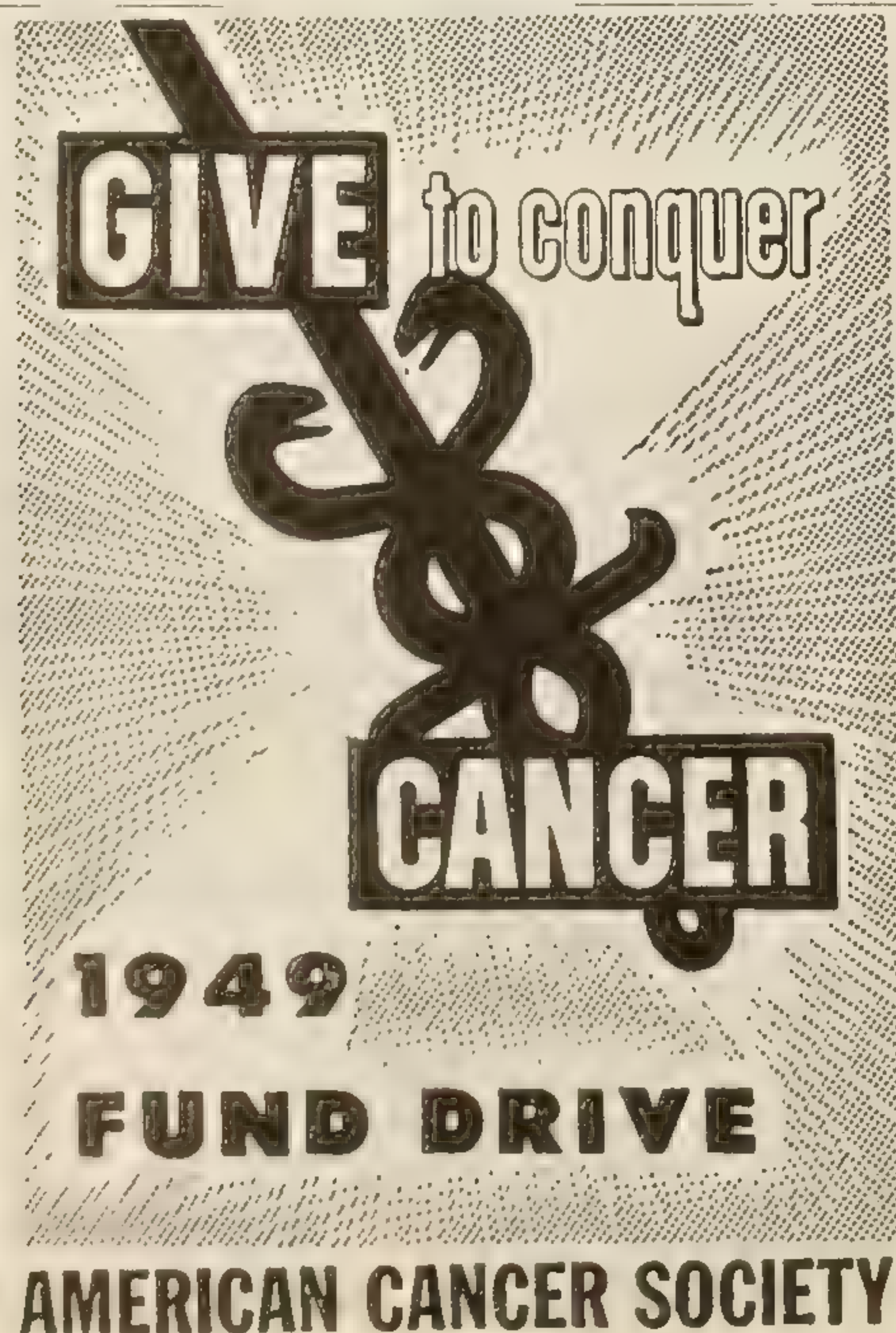
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though he felt like a "corny tourist" for thinking so. His dream is to travel around the world slowly, but not now for Americans spending money make for more Communists, he believes. Greg Peck is his favorite actor, and his biggest kick in life was getting started in radio. He loves women, money and the profiles his brother-in-law writes for the New Yorker.

It was time for the young man with

the high forehead to depart, so with a smile and a reminder to give his love to New York, he left. I repeat. It had been a most surprising luncheon for having expected to meet a slack-jawed, dangerously moronic killer, I met a veritable charmer, a gentle-spoken, intelligent man with a most inquiring mind. This actor named Richard Widmark is not only a definite addition to the Hollywood scene, but indeed, charming surprise.

Human Side Of A Heavenly Body

Continued from page 43

peace and quiet up here!" she enthused before I could get my foot over the welcome mat. "I hated those cooped-in apartments more than I ever let on. I had terrible insomnia from those cars and busses roaring by on Wilshire Boulevard day and night. I never could get used to them. That's what comes from growing up on a farm. Up here I'm sleeping wonderfully!

"I bought two dollars worth of wood for a fire in the fireplace the other evening, when Howard came over for sort of a preview. (*Howard Duff—you know he and Ava are close friends.*) You don't get much wood for two dollars, do you? Then I was just awful to poor Howard. He was sitting on the floor, listening to records, and accidentally upset a can of beer. I mopped it up for half an hour. He felt like a criminal. I hope I never get that emotional about my house again! I've always thought women who hurried around emptying the ashtrays as fast as they were used were bores. I can't let myself love this place too much.

"What do you think of my yellow walls? They're pretty strong now, but when I get my drapes up they'll be toned down. I'm not hiring a decorator. I'm using my own judgment, with a lot of help from Bappie, of course."

Bappie is Beatrice Gardner, Ava's beloved eldest sister who looks after her. When Ava, at seventeen, was signed by MGM as the result of a photograph submitted by her photographer brother-in-law, the big Gardner family in North Carolina elected Bappie to go along West as chaperone. The nineteen years difference in these sisters' ages has made them almost like mother and daughter, and they have grown even closer since their idolized mother died two years ago.

Bappie steadfastly refuses to move in with Ava, contending adult growth is possible only when one is on his or her own. So Ava is constantly popping in at her sister's apartment for long visits.

Her sister is chief counsel whenever Ava adds to her wardrobe. It features California sweaters and skirts, wool sports dresses and coats. Contrary to what you'd suppose, Ava is so unconcerned with evening gowns she gets by with a minimum of them. And she shuns fashionable cocktail parties so skillfully that when caught the other day she hadn't a thing, as you've often cried yourself, to wear. Bappie had to come to the rescue on a frantic last-minute shopping tour for an afternoon dress to fit that des-

perate occasion.

Nothing is more satisfying fun for Ava than Sunday at the Rosenthal's home. Ruth, Jerry's grand wife, swears that Ava fits in so smoothly you'd never in a million years catalog her as a movie star. The holiday always begins with brunch. Jerry, who loves to cook as a hobby, prepares the most tempting dishes Ava can imagine. She believes it's a mighty nice hobby for any man, since she thoroughly enjoys a tasty morsel or two. The gang of intelligent, good-humored, perfectly relaxed friends drift out to play spirited badminton. Our girl is in their midst, and there's nothing languid about her as the running and laughter mount. Later, they inevitably gather around the piano and there is someone bright enough to compose a new song. "Not me," Ava will tell you, regretfully. She usually departs, as she has arrived, alone. She isn't really lonesome, for she has learned one of the hardest lessons about love—that you can't force fate.

You can bump into her at the Van Heffin's, also. It's the one stellar residence she visits frequently, for Ava and Van's wife, Frances, hit it off immediately soon after Ava checked into Hollywood in 1941. Frances had come from the South, too, and she had tried a film career before settling down contentedly with Van. Ava maintains that Frances is the most natural person she has ever known, completely straightforward and dependable under any circumstances.

When she isn't chumming with a housewife such as Frances, Ava is apt to be discussing good books with either brilliant Director Irving Reis or Associate Producer Lester Koenig, a Dartmouth graduate. They aren't handy at MGM. She's made a conscientious effort to meet and interest men of their mental calibre, whereas the average young actress is limited to actors within her own studio walls.

"I've learned a lot from Irving and Lester," she'll admit frankly. "They both have such excellent backgrounds."

Ava, herself, concentrated on a business course in high school. She glimpsed nothing in her future more exciting than a local secretarial job, so she applied her mind then to typing, shorthand and English. A visit with her sister and brother-in-law in New York changed the course of her life.

Last year she took an extension course in literature from the University of California at Los Angeles.

"I wish I could go to college right on the campus," she declares, "but I can't combine that with pictures."

She was a joyful tomboy as a child. Everybody was her friend on the farm and in grammar school in Smithfield, North Carolina. When the Gardners moved to Newport News, in Virginia, she nearly met her Waterloo. Her accent was so different her new classmates screamed with mirth. The teacher did nothing to stop them. From then on she was treated as an oddity away from her own house, and to a sensitive soul this was sheer compounding horror. Ava's father, once a proud father, suffered from a lingering illness and her mother took in schoolteachers as boarders to earn the living expenses. In high school Ava was forever an outsider. She didn't have the money for a student body ticket. When she was asked for dates she had to turn them down, because she had nothing to wear to parties or games. She wouldn't let her harassed mother even suspect the youngest of the Gardners was being thor-

oughly snubbed.

Ava actually acquired a terrible inferiority complex. She is still too shy with new people. Gushiness is never an approach to her, for she fancies an instant enthusiasm has to be dishonest. She can't bear to be ridiculed, having memories of more than her share during her difficult high school days.

Her wit is soft and her sympathy pours out at the hint of its need.

"You can't tell what a person is like at first meeting," she says. "Nearly everyone puts up a barrier as a defense from insecurity and fears. There are so many ways of concealing hurts."

Hollywood has given Ava Gardner the chance to throw off yesteryear's hurts and be her authentic self. It has smiled upon her, and in response she has blossomed. Here she has found more than a career that seems like the pages of a fairy book to her. Here she has found the respect and deep, enduring affection of men, women—and yes, children—of her own quality.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 25

Norma Lancaster. A few weeks before the Bogart blessed event, they had a visitor who was definitely not in the stork department. Their two Boxers, who are almost as well-known characters as their owners, brought home a little playmate—a skunk. Bogey and Betty moved out and the vet had the job of deodorizing the two canines.

—O—

Another pre-natal calamity happened at the Steve McNally's house, just before their fifth child arrived. Steve, who I hear is only terrific opposite Barbara Stanwyck in the temporarily titled "The Lady Gambles" at U-I, bought his Mrs. a terrifically expensive new living room rug, costing 30 bucks a yard. Young Steve, who is four, decided he'd like to do the ironing so he plugged in and burned an iron-sized hole right through the exact middle of the new rug. His pop, who is somewhat of a villain on the screen, didn't even whip the kid. But he shore is a sick cookie.

—O—

Joan Crawford, who likes to knit almost as well as act, is now carting around two knitting bags on account of she's working on so many different things and likes to switch from one to another. Joan's got her friends worried—she's down to 110 pounds which is much too skinny for a gal as tall as she.

—O—

Remember last month I told you-all I would have more to say about the new resort, Apple Valley? Well, I'm a gal wot keeps my promises—most of the time. Like I said, it's near Victorville, in the California mountains and is the place where "Lost Horizon" was shot. The men who own the spot loved the scenery so much when they saw the picture that they found out where it was and promptly bought the extensive property. Some of the first guests at the beautiful resort

were Cesar Romero, the Zach Scotts, Audrey Totter, Barbara Bates, the newly married John Bromfields (*she's Corinne Calvet*). Imagine how they felt when the management told them that they hadn't been able to get telephones installed from the bungalows to the main building, but whenever they wanted anything just to write a note and attach it to the leg of the homing pigeon provided for each bungalow. Then, it was explained, the pigeon would fly to the office and the order would be delivered immediately. The system works so well and is so novel, Apple Valley may never put telephones in!

—O—

On the set of "It's Only Money" at RKO, Frank Sinatra was showing around a postcard he'd received from his pal, Gene Kelly, in Paris. It said, "Over here they think Sinatra is some kind of American food." Frankie asked Groucho Marx, Jane Russell, and the crew for suggestions for a snappy comeback to toss Gene.

—O—

Palm Springs' favorite hangout, The Racquet Club, has some new furniture for the swimming pool. It's a little rowboat Bill Powell's wife, Diana, plopped in there for sun bathing. It doesn't bother the other customers on account of it's primarily a tennis club. Matter of fact, it probably wouldn't bother them if "Mousie" put her rowboat on the courts, since the people hardly ever play tennis either. Main sport is sunbathing and just plain yakking.

—O—

We had a wonderful time at the one-man art exhibit of Ross Shattuck, the very talented painter who has done such wonderful paintings of early California towns, San Francisco scenes, and the gold-mining towns of Colorado. Matter of fact, we sorta helped sell a couple of his pictures. Irene Dunne bought his beautiful painting of St. Paul's Cathedral

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4-49



in San Francisco. George Burns and Gracie Allen bought another San Francisco painting, and Paul Douglas acquired one of Ross' Colorado masterpieces. Don DeFore and his cute wife, Marion, were trying hard to decide whether to buy a painting or a rug for their new house. Marion won—the rug.

—o—

Victor Mature, dead beat from a hard day of acting in "Samson And Delilah," was just barely able to make it to the large comfortable chair in his living room, where he collapsed for a slight nap. He was sound asleep when the dangdest commotion brought him to with a start. Eleven neighborhood kids, who come over every night to watch Judy Splinters on his television set, tore out of his den after the show, so busy talking they failed to see their scared host.

—o—

If I hadn't seen this with me own two lookin' eyes, I wouldn't believe it. Out at Sportsman's Lodge in the Valley they have trout streams visible to diners through huge floor-to-ceiling windows. And floating in the big pond is a gondola. And riding on the gondola is a piano AND a piano player. When anybody wants a tune, he sends a message out. The music is piped into the Lodge. Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Don O'Connor and his Gwen were dining there and looking as dazed over the whole thing as I felt.

—o—

Before Gene Tierney headed West to go back to work at 20th Century-Fox, she wired the studio that she'd like to borrow the ski costumes she wore in "That Wonderful Urge" for a vacation at Lake Placid. The studio, who has always been swell to Gene, sent them off by air express to their star. Considering what ski costumes cost, this was quite a wind-fall.

—o—

One of Hollywood's landmarks is about to be torn down. It's the Trocadero, one of the most famous of the Strip night clubs, which has been shuttered for several years. Seems like a big fancy shoe store is going to be built on the site. That's the place where Mary Martin sang her heart out to Hollywood's producers and directors without getting a single screen offer. It wasn't until she went to Broadway and sang the famous "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" in "Leave It To Me" that the movies started yelling for her.

—o—

Janet Leigh, whose marriage to Barry Nelson should be any day now if it hasn't already happened, was given her first real keen dressing room at MGM. It's an Early American bungalow complete with chintzy quaintness and she's too excited for words. Well, MGM's excited about Janet and has given her a peachy part in "Forsyte Saga."

—o—

This scene takes place down Malibu way. A lone figure, feminine, stands calf-deep in the surf, skirts tucked 'way up. She is fishing. Overhead, planes are flying and blimps are doing whatever they do. Suddenly one of the blimps hovers lower and lower over the lonely figure. Then an object drops from the

blimp. The girl catches a small parachute, to which is attached a chocolate bar and a note. The note says, "How about a date?" The girl is Barbara Stanwyck, on location for "The Lady Gambles," and the scene is not in the script!

—o—

Same day the above company had plenty of troubles. Barbara stubbed her toe when a big wave hit her and almost broke it. The fish which she was supposed to catch, bought at \$.65 per fish, died, from neglect or something. So the studio drivers had a wonderful time rolling up their pants and casting into the surf, hoping for some bites. One of the drivers caught a red snapper and that's the fish you'll see Barbara haul in on her line. To top it all off, a whale came up and spouted offshore, which further disrupted the company.

—o—

Petey Lawford and Van Johnson have both sprouted mustaches—and do they ever look funny—Petey for "Storm Over Vienna" and Van for "Good Old Summertime." This latter picture, which has Judy Garland in the star femme role, also has a young lady named Liza Minnelli in a prominent spot. Liza, of course, is Judy's young daughter. And her famous ma wants her to be an actress. From where we are, it looks as though Judy will have no worries because the kid loves to act. The day Liza appeared, her dressing room was crowded with flowers. The young lady sang, yawned, and finally went sound asleep—with the cameras clicking like mad.

—o—

Mark Stevens' pretty wife, Annelle, gifted him with an English racing bike which he pedals past Universal-International a couple of times a day. Which doesn't mean much until you know this studio was the one that told Mark to forget Hollywood and an acting career, that he had nawthing to offer the silver screen. Mark, incidentally, has a new "voice" for "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." Seems Buddy Clark, who sang for him in previous pictures, upped his price too much and 20th got young and very talented Bill Shirley to dub in the voice. Bill's a swell kid and a fine singer and when he appeared at Mocambo for a couple of weeks he invited Mark over to hear him. Said Bill, "I think the body should hear the voice."

—o—

Stranger things have happened in Hollywood but, in connection with "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," a story about the life of songwriter Fred Fisher, the only song which he didn't write is the title song, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!"

—o—

When John and Marie Lund vacationed up at Alisal Ranch, near a little Swedish settlement called Solvang, north of Santa Barbara, all he did was play pool, while Marie banged out some tunes for Van and Frances Heflin on the piano. Aside from pool, square dancing is the real sport at Alisal, with natives and tourists getting in there and giving it the business.

—o—

Vacationing other spots: Ava Gardner took off for the ole plantation at Wilson, North Carolina, to visit her kinspeople.

From there she was due to go to New York for a spell. Ava's folks raise tobacco on their proppity.

Janie Powell, coming back from New York, grabbed the wrong raincoat in the shuffle of getting off at the Los Angeles station. It was just like hers, except for the important fact that the coat she got must have been owned by a gal over six feet tall. Janie, who measures around five-two cracked, "This would be fine, but I already have a pup-tent."

Maureen O'Hara and Gloria Grahame, both appearing in "A Woman's Secret," are two gals who are holding out and staying in the longhair class. When questioned about why they refused to cut theirs short, they both claimed their husbands didn't approve of short hair. Maureen is married to Will Price, a director. Gloria is married to Nick Ray, also a director. Wonder if they feel the same way about the stars in their pictures going for the short hairdo! Hmmm-mmm?

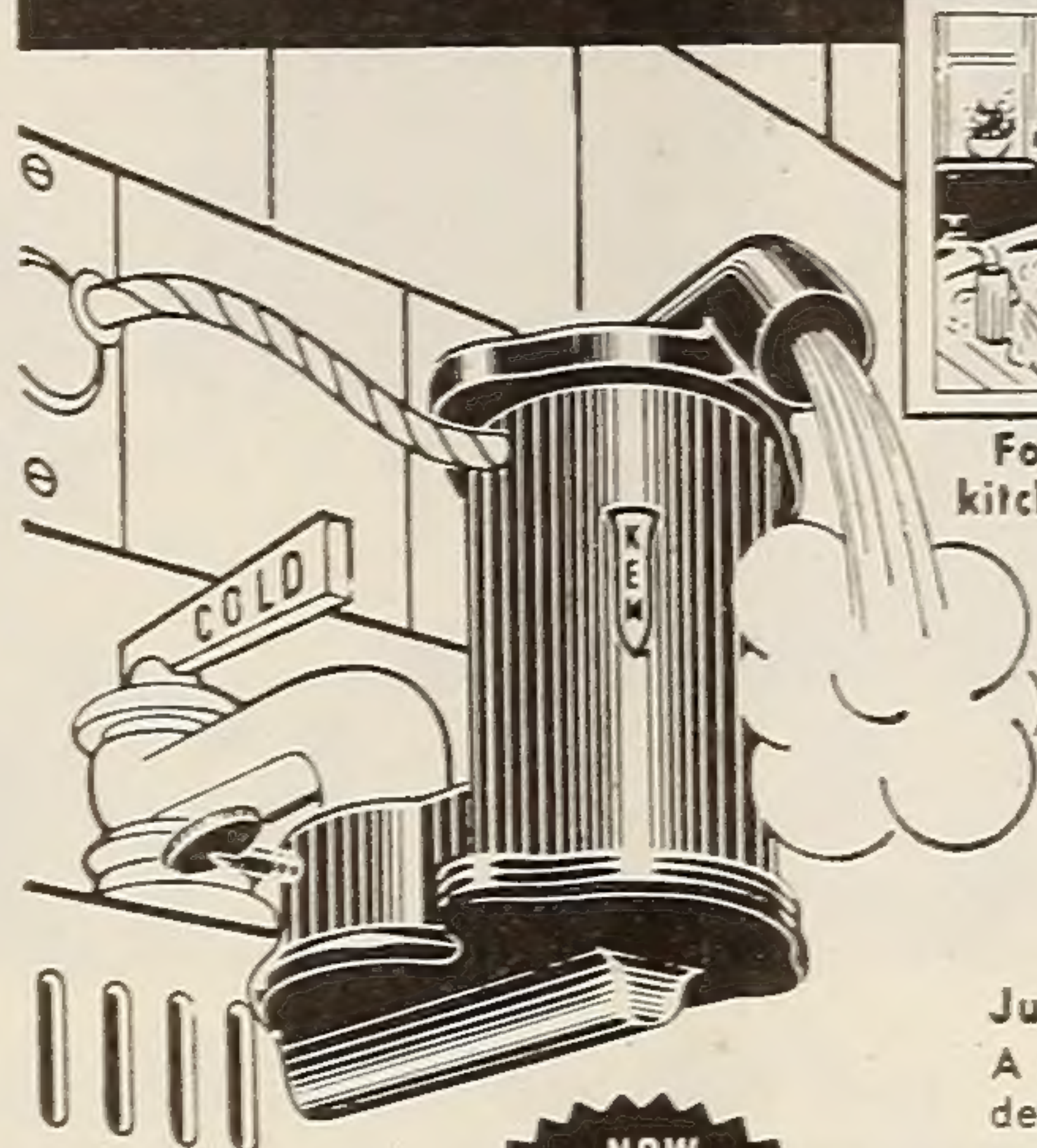
There was much glitter and glamour at Harriet Parsons' annual mid-Winter party, which gets bigger and better each year. This time Harriet had a huge tent put up in her patio, so the crowd could have elbow room. The tent was gay with red berries, poinsettias, and some stuff outside that looked exactly like snow. About a hundred and fifty people had a quite wonderful time—among them, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald (she has a silver streak in the front of her red hair), Irene Dunne, Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, Dottie Lamour and Bill Howard, Gertrude Niesen and husband Al Greenfield, Bob Stack, Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, Billie Dove and Bob Kenaston (their son is now taller than his big father although he's only thirteen), pretty Una Merkel, Louella Parsons, George Stevens, young Richard Lyon (son of Bebe and Ben), among the big crowd. Next day, the rain came along and collapsed the tent, but fortunately by that time the last guest had gone.

We had lots of laughs a night or two later at the home of Gertie Niesen's mother and father, Anita and Monte. Gertie was telling me about her special new Cadillac convertible which is painted a dreamy chartreuse and has red leather seats. She said the Cadillac people painted it specially for her, liked the color so well that they're doing more of them. Gertie has a new album of recordings coming out soon which I'm panting to hear.

Also had fun at a small party which Jimmy and Zanny Lorimer gave. They are very cute people and also are the daughter and son-in-law of Charles Brackett, (if you don't know who he is you can go stand in the corner), who must be the most amusing man in Hollywood or any other town.

'Nuther party that was a real hummer was the one Bill Howard whipped up for Dorothy Lamour on her birthday. She'd just come from one which Bill Pine and Bill Thomas tossed for her on the set of her new picture, "Manhandled." Bill

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(Howard, that is) always invites just the people who are closest to Dottie—her hairdresser, her secretary and her best pals.

The Bill Holdens are having quite a lot of trouble with their four-year-old, Scott. Seems he likes to get up in the middle of the night and wander all over the house, usually ending up at his parents' bedside and peering at them until they wake up with the feeling that someone is watching them. Which is true. Instead of a vacation, Bill presented his Brenda and the three kids with a Paul Clemens painting of—Brenda and the three kids.

Celeste Holm, it seems, is also troubled with noises in the night. She woke up about 2 a. m., because of a loud uproar out in the patio. Thinking it was burglars or worse, she set out to inves-

tigate and found her pooch, Hokey-Pokey, a character of mixed breed, hauling around a little toy dog on wheels that barks as it's being pulled. Hokey-Pokey would pull the toy a little way, then stop to bark back at it. Celeste did not award the pup her Oscar for his performance.

Walter Pidgeon tells this one on himself. During a visit back East, he went to see a friend of his who operates a copper factory in Darien, Connecticut. Pidge was quite impressed when he saw the long line of employees outside the factory and very pleased that they had turned out en masse to greet him. So he went down the line, shaking hands and giving out autographs. His friend tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Walter, it really isn't necessary for you to do this—these people are just in line waiting for their pay checks."

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

drama doesn't end there, for in running away from Ryan, Heflin gets involved with some shoddy characters who for a price will kill Ryan. Terrified of the man and that his past will be made public, Heflin accepts the offer, and things begin to move even faster—to a tragic end.

The Fan

20th Century-Fox

BASED on Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan," the picture should have been cut as the title has been. Briefly, the plot, told in flashbacks, is about a mysterious but lovely adventuress, Madeleine Carroll, who is being supported handsomely by young Lord Windemere, Richard Greene. When *Lady Windemere*, Jeanne Crain, hears of this, she prepares to leave her devoted husband and run off with George Sanders. Just in time Madeleine discovers this foolish plot and appears in Georgie's flat not a second too soon, saves Jeanne and in doing so, besmirches her own name. Just why Madeleine goes through all this trouble is known only to herself and Lord Richard, and, of course, the audience eventually. Miss Carroll is at her usual best in this.

Bad Boy

Monogram

AS a tough, incorrigible juvenile delinquent, Audie Murphy does a very good job of showing the birth, nurturing and finally, the reformation of a criminal character. Having committed 62 felonies, Murphy is turned over to Lloyd Nolan, director of the Variety Clubs International Boys' Farm, in Texas. Unable to get along with other people, despite Nolan's and his wife's, Jane Wyatt, attempts to help him, Murphy continues to be a problem, especially when he robs a store, steals a gun, makes off with a car, and takes pot shots at the constabulary. Fortunately, Nolan learns, through some sleuthing, what caused the boy to turn into a criminal and with that information makes Murphy see how wrong he was. It's all very well done and with a minimum of preachy or saccharine talk.

Wake Of The Red Witch

Republic

AT last we've found the man about whom people say: "He's so good, he'd give you the shirt off his back!" You see, in this one, three-quarters of the time, John Wayne goes around without a shirt, so-o-o-o-

Anyway, action and violence run rampant in this rip-snorting sea tale, and if John's love scenes with Gail Russell aren't quite up to expectations, the lack is made up by shark-infested waters, a giant



Sonja Henie and Michael Kirby, her skating partner, at the Stork Club.

octopus, (which John kills), a man-eating clam and some fancy deep sea diving for a million dollars in gold bullion. Messing up John's life, love and otherwise, is Luther Adler, a power-crazed, ruthless (he doesn't get Ruth, he gets Gail) business man. Exciting from start to finish, but the finish will leave Wayne Fans, Inc. slightly shaken.

The Sun Comes Up (Technicolor)

MGM

JEANETTE MACDONALD, Claude Jarman, Jr., Lloyd Nolan and Lassie start meaning something to one another when Jeanette's son is killed as he attempts to save his dog, Lassie, from an oncoming truck. To get away, and forget, Jeanette takes the dog and herself to the hill-country. Besides running into Percy Kilbride, she meets Claude Jarman, and though the resemblance at first is painful, she allows herself to become attached to the boy, an orphan. With that set-up, the solution should be quite simple, but it isn't—thanks to a lie Claude tells. It takes quite some time, from then on, for things to go along as they should, but they do. The story is nice, Miss MacDonald's singing is nice listening, and the color is nicely subdued.

Flaxy Martin

Warner Brothers

ONE of those pictures about a flock of pretty gosh-darn evil characters, and about a good, honest lawyer, Zachary Scott, mixed up with same. Probably one of the wickedest of the batch is a gal named *Flaxy*, Virginia Mayo. When she gets involved in murder, Zachary, who loves her dearly, even though she's two-timing him, comes to her rescue by saying he is the murderer. It's only after he learns from Tom D'Andrea what a

dope he's been, that he starts trying to untangle himself and prove his innocence. His first move in that direction is to escape on his way to jail. The net results are that everyone gets killed, except pal *Flaxy*—she gets thrown to the cops. And Zachary? Well, he goes back to Dorothy Malone who has been waiting for him—lo! these many weeks.

Siren Of Atlantis

United Artists

THOUSANDS and thousands of years ago, there was an island called Atlantis, and then suddenly it disappeared into the sea. Therefore, it is scarcely necessary to say that when two French Foreign Legionnaires, Jean Pierre Aumont, and Dennis O'Keefe, (huh?), find a place called Atlantis in the middle of the Sahara Desert, they are two very surprised cookies. Their surprise is even greater when they find the man they are looking for encased in 14K gold. Also there, but not encased in gold, is the Queen of Atlantis, Maria Montez, who goes for men like mad. The ones she tires of—the 14K gold treatment. Jean is lucky. She likes him, but that O'Keefe man! So, Maria fixes it up so a beautiful friendship between the men is ended abruptly, including their lives.

Force Of Evil

Enterprise-MGM

CONCERNS itself with the numbers racket and the people, big and small, who are involved. John Garfield is a lawyer assisting a polished racketeer in his plans to sew up the small operators into one big syndicate. The only fly in the ointment is Garfield's older brother, Thomas Gomez, operator of a little "business" of his own. At first, he refuses, but finally goes along with the big boys, only not very far. He dies at the hands of another group of racketeers trying to cut in on the newly-formed syndicate. Garfield, who wasn't too law-abiding until then, gets the let's-clean-out-this-vermin urge. This done, he gives himself up to the police as being an accessory. Long and very talky, this has one thing in its favor, it introduces Beatrice Pearson to moviegoers.

Don't Take It To Heart

J. Arthur Rank

BRIGHT and humorous, English nobility is in for some clever spoofing. When a bomb strikes an ancient, but inhabited castle in England, a family ghost is released. In addition to the spectral visitor, news of the ghost has brought flocks of tourists to the castle, including Richard Greene, who falls in love with a picture and later the girl, herself, Patricia Medina. Along with love, Richard gets entangled in the town's problems and the problems of the unhappy ghost who has come back to clear his conscience, and set a 400-year-old wrong right. There's no serious talk, just lots of laughs and topflight comedy.

Now you can have daring Newest Look Beauty!

TRI-LETTE

Have modish little waist, full bosom, with NO bulges between! TRI-LETTE'S *all-in-one*—uplift bra, waist nipper, garter belt. Of lace trimmed rayon satin; featherlight boning, Lastex insert.

Stays UP! A cup, 32 to 36. B cup, 32 to 38.

In BLUE, WHITE, NUDE, BLACK.

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Tri-LO

Low plunging top and strapless; never peeks above "bare look" dress. Lightly and cleverly boned. Molds bust for uplift and division. In luxury rayon satin, lovely lace and net trim, elastic side trim. **BLACK, WHITE, NUDE, BLUE.** Sizes 32 to 36 (medium cup).

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Beauty Show

Daring half bra — newest hit! Wear with plunging necklines, bare-look styles, cover-up dresses too. STAYS UP — but frees upper curves to show fullest bosom beauty. Of Nylon Satin, Dainty Lace. Sizes 32 to 38, A & B cups. In **NUDE, BLUE, WHITE, BLACK.**

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